

CAVALCADE

AUGUST, 1942. PRICE 1/-

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THE WAY IS HARD
BUT THERE IS NO OTHER COURSE.
SOMEDAY, PERHAPS SOON,
TOMORROW WILL COME

CAVALCADE

Publisher E. G. Mason Editor R. S. Cook Picture Editor A. A. Henry

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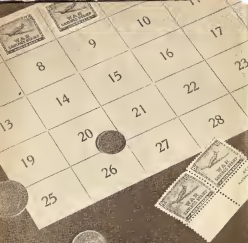
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Your TREMENDOUS TRIFLE



Editorial

The issue is simple, logical, unclouded. The country's leader, whoever he might be, must be supported in an extremity like ours—supported or thrown out.

There can be no half measures. For, along that road lies defeat.

Yet it is amazing that there can still be, and are "little men with little axes to grind"—little men who cannot see things in this greater perspective.

They squabble and intrigue even while the nation's heart is at dagger point . . . just as they squabbled and intrigued in France.

It is one great curse of our country that petty, sectional prejudices can hinder great efforts.

They who offend are small in number. Nevertheless, if ever Australia goes under, this national narrowness will be a very definite contributing cause.

Russia, Germany, Britain, America have built their relentless determination on the courage and qualities of one man in each of those countries—a man to whom they can look; a man who stands out high above all other men, whom they can see and hear, whose power they feel is their power . . . a man who is their leader.

In Australia we have a leader no less worthy. His name happens to be Curtin. But that is incidental. It might be Fadden, or Bessley, or Evans, or Hughes. He might own to a political color of almost any hue. That does not matter, either.

The only thing that matters is that he shall be a leader . . . and a good one.

Given that, it is our national job to wholeheartedly support him with all our loyalty and all our confidence. There is no other road to national unity or to singleness of national purpose.

Those few who place blocks along that road, who stand aside and beckon towards inviting-looking branch roads are guilty of grave obstructionism. (This, so apart from constructive, helpful criticism.)

There can be changes of Governments and leaders of politics, freely made; for that is the commonsense way of democracy and a way to be preserved. But it is also democratic commonsense — and particularly in dark days—that the leader must be supported to the hilt until and unless the people decide otherwise.

And these are dark days.



My Day.... TO HOWL

By Columnist GILBERT ARTHUR

...CONFUSION

This is more than simply a simple war. I suspected this a long while back. But I have only just realized how and why. I know that all the intellectuals and semi-intelligents have been harping on this theme for many moons.

They have been mouthing and parroting just that catch-cri for a couple of years. "It's a revolution!" they scream, throwing their hands into the air (both hands if they are thinking of a religious revolution, a clenched fist if they are socialist, an open right or left hand if they are fascist, and so on).

Most of them are fools. They want a revolution but can't agree on what they want. They have got very little idea what they are going to do when they have caught the tiger. I don't know either. But at least I'm wondering.

And that, to my simple mind, is the crux of the problem. We are not only going through the Greater War, but also the Greater

Confusion—which is pure, thick mud.

Out of this confusion, no doubt, something good will come—or something chaotic. Whichever it is, that will be the revolution.

In the meantime, our minds are not at all clear—on anything. They are not even mature—nor reasonably mature. Our mind-set, so far as it is in its most charitable light, is a half-draft conglomeration of stupid fancies and false values.

...EXAMPLE

You want an example? Take this one. Last month, one of our most sober morning newspapers reported that some Washington Committee of Investigation found that the pilot of the "plane" which crashed and killed Carole Lombard "was found guilty of negligence."

Of all the infernal, criminal bloody stupidity! As a contemporary on 20th century civilization that gets the blue ribbon.

It doesn't matter two damned hoots who else got killed. It doesn't matter what their worth

to the community. It killed Carole Lombard. Who were the rest of the victims? Trash, no doubt, because they weren't in the movies.

Was anything ever so incredibly foolish? What the hell are we—a mass of dribbling idiots? I have nothing against Carole Lombard.

But what did she do to get a whole plane-crash to herself? Basically, her sole achievement in life was in being able to pose and posture before a camera. That is what it boils down to in its simplest, crudest terms.

Maybe I'm a crackpot. But to my twisted way of thinking a first-rate "plane pilot" is maximally more useful to humanity.

In other words, the sub-humans of 1942 are as busy as all hell—worshipping shadows.

...EXAMPLE

There is complete world confusion—to take the thing on its broadest scale. There are scarcely two nations who agree on the shape of the post-war world.

The Nazis want it to be a Nazi post-war world. And we are determined first to bludgeon them out of that and then talk them into our ideas. They are equally determined to bludgeon us.

The Democrats want Democracy. Some of them want the old, pre-war Democracy, some want it slightly different, others want it a lot different. They bludgeon each other and the enemy with equal nonchalance.

The Communists want world Communism. They have to be talked and/or bludgeoned out of

that by both Nazis and Democrats of at least one brand.

Conservatives want nothing if not Conservatism and are prepared to fight everyone to get (or keep) it.

The whole pattern, in fact, is so damned crazy that I defy anyone to trace it. At no point do any of the parts fit.

To break it down still farther, there are Socialists, Democrats, Conservatives, and what have you within Germany, Britain, the U.S., and Russia. All these are fighting each other within the main framework.

Democratic governments have gone half-way towards Socialism. But there they stick, afraid to go backwards or forwards.

...EXAMPLE

To make things at least a trifle simpler, let us take Australia. In this country, Labor wants



"Go on, beat it! This was done when it was the bells of Chapman Abbey!"

the government to go the whole Socialist hog. That, basically, is what they insarguably want, whether or not they know it.

Big Capital just won't stand for it, and squanda put as loudly as does Labor.

Labor. In most than one factory of national importance the workers have yelled, and still are yelling about stupid, piddling little things, and either striking or threatening to strike.

In one firm, they yell about being short of tea. The management of this firm has always supplied tea for its employees' morning break—to the extent of some 50 pounds per month. Rationing—and the firm had to cut down its tea. The employees all but struck over it.

The same firm has a canteen—



"This is the most expensive line we have, it's composed of mutton and pure petrol!"

profits devoted to the recreation facilities of the employees (whom it has supplied with everything including a dance-hall). It was rationed in tobacco and cigarettes. Hell was raised.

Shift-workers *must* have their beer. They must have wine-land in this and that industry. They must have these conditions and those . . . while Rome burns.

I'm not saying whether any of this is justified or not. That isn't my present aim. I'm simply saying that we've got a silly bloody lot of values and no social balance.

Doesn't it ever occur to these numerous galeots that thousands upon thousands of their countrymen are ducking for air-branches, sweating behind guns, rotting in the desolating, sinking tropics, ploughing through deserts, and having their stomachs blown out for about five shillings a day?

That is what makes it all so maddening. If we don't want to win this damned war, for God's sake let us say so and call it off and fetch those boys home so no more of them will get hurt.

It's time we started to act like grown-ups.

More than the simple winning of a war is involved. There are a few basic humanities and loyalties at stake. No one has ever stated them—perhaps because our thinking has become of hyper-civilized, and therefore complicated beyond clarity or understanding.

The main one of these humanities is simply *unselfishness*—that sometimes we shall think of the blokes who are doing the fighting and the dying.



We are not thinking of them when we squeal about not getting enough morning tea, or cigarettes, or beer, or some other goddam fool thing on which we set so much store. We're thinking of ourselves, and to hell with every-one else.

And those boys are getting mighty disgusted. They see us more clearly than you might think. A bit of bombing does that to you. It makes you sweat, and rams your heart, brain—your whole body to jelly when a dive-bomber screams down out of the sky and clear through you so that the earth trembles beneath you, and quakes and vomits all round. It makes you see things clearly, and quickens your thinking—perhaps because you subconsciously know that soon you may not be able to think any more at all—so what-



"Such numbers, he bought! . . . they're my cotton bolls!"

ever thinking you have to do, you do it quickly and clearly.

And they haven't any doubts about what they think of us. Read this. It is an extract from a little New Guinea military publication and was sent me by a reader:

"Coal Miners! We sympathize with you. Just imagine having to work for a mere £10 or £12 per week. And because you went on strike Mr. Curtin threatened to turn on Article 77 and put you in the Army. What an insult!

"And then five other mines go out in sympathy—stout fellows.

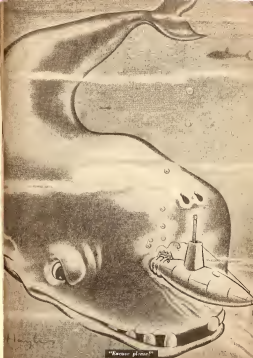
"Why should we have all the fun? To be in a slit trench, or on the guns and hear the bombs coming, is a delight, and you feel tickled to death when they seem to be heading straight for your address . . . Some thoughtless people say your action is like hitting your friend on the head whilst he is defending your wife and kids from a mad dog. How silly. Why, you are the champions of democracy. We'd like to see a monument erected to you . . . with you underneath."

All this is part of the Great Confusion—except that note from New Guinea, which sees things clearly.

But not only Labor is to blame. Capital is just as dirty, stubborn, regularly stubborn.

Sometimes I feel certain that a hundred years under Japanese domination would do us the heck of a lot of good. It would at least give us a sense of values. Because at the moment we value nothing—

(Turn to page 12)



"Karoo plane!"

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

London stands. Study this picture carefully. Compare it with that of London on page 10. This shot was taken from St. Paul's following the end of the big London riots.



except our right to be as selfish as we please.

The unpleasant fact is that there is just about no single thing on which we are perfectly clear. Everything seems lost in the great quag of words. Everything is wrapped up in millions of words, all twisted into millions of different ways and looked at you over and over through pens and radios. And we scarcely even know the meaning of half the words we, and they, use so glibly.

(Anarchy, for example. Only one in a hundred knows the meaning of this much used and abused word, although it is mouthed a hundred times every day. The only reaction you will get to it is, "Oh, that means a bomb-chucking, blood-letting bloke, doesn't it?")

(Few people realise that anarchists are mild, gentle, benevolent old suckers whose basic creed is that man is such an essentially fine being that he does not need laws or governing, and that he will do very well by following his own conscience.

(It has its fatalities, of course—its bomb-chuckers and blood-letters. But so has Democracy. All over Europe Democrats are chucking bombs and letting blood. It's all in the point of view. If you do it for Anarchy you're a criminal. If you do it for Democracy you're a hero.

(Meantime, Anarchy has taken the place of Bolshevism—since you must have some name to tag onto persons whose views do not coincide with yours.

(But do not let it be said that Gilbert Arncliffe is an Anarchist. He isn't. Anarchy is a few

thousand years before its time. We have to grow up to it. And when that happens, Anarchy will become respectable, as Bolshevism is now respectable . . . but only because Democracy was in a spot, let it be remembered, otherwise Bolshevism would still be a bomb-chucking disreputable creed.)

So there it is. Everywhere confusion—a Great Confusion of thoughts, and words. We don't understand the words, and trying to think in terms of words confuses us more.

We can't get anywhere because there is no one to clarify anything for us, there is no one with enough brains to pick up all the grains of sand and weave them into a single, solid rope for us.

In the immortal words of our friends and Allies, we're all balled up.

We, the Democrats, don't even know what we want when and if we win this war. We mouth vague phrases about freedom of this and that and give out a lot of nebulous hollyhock. But we did that during 1914-18—freedom that never eventuated, promises that dissolved. And yet we expect conquered peoples to believe us this time.

Perhaps, after reading this (if you get this far), you will be tempted to say, "Another is nuts. He hasn't made one clear point."

Correct. That is exactly the point he is trying to make. He wishes to God someone would clear things up for him—and for all humanity. As things are at the moment, we're all nuts.

Section Two

CANBERRA

CANBERRA SPENT A LULL-MONTH CHECKING, COLLATING, CO-ORDINATING RESULTS OF THE OFFICIAL YEAR JUST CLOSED • THEY FOUND SOME MIRACLES HAD BEEN BROUGHT—MIRACLES OF INITIATIVE AND GENIUS.

... STOCKTAKING

For almost a month Federal Ministers, in the breathing space of the war in the Pacific, had been



MINISTER EVANS

(folded in time (See Page 42)

checking, collecting, co-ordinating the results of the official year just closed.

With the War Council, War Cabinet, production chiefs, fighting leaders, they had revealed, reassessed, reassured the programmes already completed, had set greater, more difficult schedules for the months to come.

Patently, painstakingly they fitted the intricate jigsaw pieces of a thousand varied projects, unfamiliar to a peaceable, peace-loving nation, into the complete, dramatic picture of a nation at war.

What they saw filled them with prideful, cautious confidence—not

easy, self-deceiving, rose optimism, but the quiet satisfaction of a job intelligently planned and carefully executed.

(1) With tall, gaunt-faced Treasurer Chifley they totted up the year's accounts, balanced them beside work accomplished, and found that Australians were getting pretty good value for the £1,000,000 a day which the war was costing them.

(2) From gently-spoken, lay preacher, Munitions Minister Maitland they heard an astonishing story of enterprise, achievement, and organisation in the forging of Australia's weapons of war.

(3) They learned from bespectacled, mild-mannered Supply Minister Beasley how the trickle of weapons, equipment, and commodities along the channels of Lend-Lease had become a broad, swift-flowing, ever-widening stream.

From John Beasley they learned, too, of daring, successful transactions, staggering in their financial involvement, in which Australia had out-led slower-moving competitors and provided manufacturers, civilians, and the Allied fighting forces with urgently-needed, hard-to-get commodities.

(4) From Manpower Minister Dedman, from Service Ministers Forde (Army) and Drakeford (Air), they learned of Australia's new strength on the home front and on the battle front.

In crystal-clear perspective they

analysed reports of the resounding Allied victories of Midway and the Coral Sea, realised gratefully that but for them Australians would have been defending their homeland on their own soil.

On the home front, Ministers found greatest satisfaction in the facts-and-figures of the mechanical revolution which, since war's beginning, had turned the tools of peace into the weapons of war.

Off the production lines of a thousand factories, Ministers were told, new guns, new aeroplanes, new fighting vehicles were rolling—shining, deadly, efficient weapons never before made by Australians... weapons to replace equipment lost in the bloody, desperate battles of Greece, Crete, Libya—weapons fabricated by men and women who, not long ago, were bus-boys and waitresses, clerks and shop assistants.

Proudly, Ministers saw that from a position low on the list of manufacturing countries, Australia had pulled herself by her own homemade bootstraps, to a production level unequalled—compared with population, potential, and material resources—by any of the United Nations.

In this, Ministers saw a hopeful gleam for solution of difficult problems of the post-war years.

Said Munitions Minister Maitland: "Too much capital has gone into wartime production to consider permitting it to be lost after the war."

He indicated, too, that Govern-

ment plans envisage a continuation of production of munitions and equipment after the war on a scale of at least one-third that of present production, so that, never again, would Australia lack means of immediate defence.

When they checked their figures, questioned their officials, and surveyed their plans, Ministers discovered, not without surprise, that the nation with its existing production potential, its tools and its factories, was close to productive capacity.



OPPOSITIONIST FADDEN

... on former legs (See Page 16)

But already new, vigorous, ambitious plans have been framed in the desperation, unrelenting pace against time.

New factories have been ordered, new tools are being sought, new training schedules are

being feared to achieve results limited only by the uttermost effort of which the nation is capable.

From the War Council came authority for a vast programme in aircraft production—sleek, fast-flying bombers to batter the enemy

As important to the running of a free democracy as the Government party itself is the Opposition. It keeps the Government in line, puts a brake on any tendency towards extremes, in brief, it poses the other man's point of view.

Only thus, when both sides of a question can be thrashed out to its logical conclusion, can a steady, middle course be steered.

Of late, Oppositionists have been somewhat quiet, a little subdued, but at month's end there were signs that they would soon become more vociferous, under the proddings of their leader, Arthur Fadden; they would, from now on, stand on firmer legs.

... COFFINS

Grim highlights of July on the manpower front was the demand by coffin-makers for respite from call-up.

In a terse, three-point case, undertakers spoke without embarrassment, with the blunt sophistication of their calling.

Of themselves they said modestly: "Fit men are needed. Coffins cannot be carried by weaklings. With the war coming closer, and the danger from air-raids, there must be quick disposal of the dead."

For cemeteries they claimed manpower sufficient to ensure enough graves for "any set of circumstances."

For coffinmakers they sought exemption, revealed new contracts



W. M. HIGGINS

... listening for echoes. (See P. 24)

in his northern bases, and drove his ships from the Pacific.

In shipyards, in factories, and on the civil front more difficult objectives have been planned in the blueprint of hard-wood, well-earned victory.

... OPPOSITION

At July's end, executive of the U.A.P. and U.C.P. were getting together in Canberra to pep themselves into a policy of livelier opposition.

with U.S. Army authorities for burial requisites.

Started into morbid reflection, manpower officials saw wisdom in the viewpoint, gave coffin-makers, cemetery employees, and undertakers provisional exemption.

Toughest of all the difficult problems confronting the Government is the fitting of the manpower of this young, underpopulated country to the requirements of total war.

With a target of 318,000 new workers in war callings before year's end, this month found Federal planners with the task already well in hand.

On manpower records were more than 100,000 new names, ruthlessly culled from civil employment averages no longer important to a nation at war.

Warned Prime Minister Curtin: "Cold logic is that only the minimum resources requisite for the civil order can be retained. The uttermost of our resources for war must be mobilised for war purposes."

... SHORTAGE

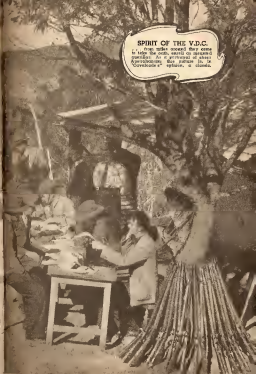
On a hundred jungle-fringed island plantations coconuts were rotting in the fierce, tropic, pre-war sun—scarcely worth the trouble of clearing them away.

In elaborate store-houses, in ransackable sheds, on open jetties, and fierce-white beaches, coconuts were heaped, mounted high, in hot, sweet, heavy scent filling the air, waiting for a price that would pay for its shipment to glutton world markets.

To Canberra came urgent, warnings and oft-repeated appeals



CANBERRA'S CANDID CAMERA caught Commonwealth Minister Scully confined to bed with the flu. But work went on. Picture shows the Minister dealing with mail.



SPRIT OF THE V.D.C.

... from under which they come
to take the oath, until on sacred
ground. As a symbol of their
devotion, the statue is in
"Cordoba's" place, a cloud.

for aid from planters, ruined by low prices and difficult marketing.

But in these days, war was a hemisphere away, and the Allied states had plenty of copra from which came the oil for their machines, their ships, and their foods.

When Canberra finally moved with assistance in price and transport, some planters had walked off their plantations, left them to be engulfed by the swift-moving tropical wilderness.

Almost overnight, as the South Sea Islands became stepping-stones and stores for Japan's giant strides south, copra became a precious commodity.

Anxiously the democracies checked their stocks, hurriedly cleared threatened islands of their copra hoards.

Under Canberra's administration, copra resources of the United Nations will now be carefully hoarded, economically distributed to meet most urgent needs.

Thus copra joins rubber in mine accusation of democracy's stilted fumbling and stupidly lax planning in the years of plenty.

... LETTERS

On embossed, heavily-crested stationery, on cheap school note-paper, and even on the backs of printed wrappers an ever-widening stream of letters is flowing into the mail-boxes of Federal Members.

Symptomatic of unsettled times, of difficult problems and the variety of new prophets, letter writing to politicians has reached proportions of a national pastime.



YELLOW AIR RAID OVER MORESBY. There is spectacle in this world that takes as Japanese bombs tell wide of their mark.

From philosophers, students, cranks, and just ordinary people, come letters of praise and blame, tragic letters, humorous, angry, thoughtfully smooching letters—safety-valves of a democracy which concedes the right of individual expression.

Not to be ignored or lightly regarded is this never-ending torrent of letters.

For, to many Members, they represent personal contact with constituents, the easy means for winning friends and influencing votes.

Therefore, to the difficult correspondents with a persecution complex or delusions of grandeur must go satisfying, flattering replies.

To the clear-thinking patriot with an idea to help the war must be encouraging appreciation.

To the embarrassingly imper-

sonate collector for town drains, and to the indefatigable champion of the parish pump must go tactful, convincing promises.

But to hundreds of letter-writers with problems and demands baffling and unanswerable, go merely formal acknowledgments.

With Ministerial staffs already grown large under stress of war administrative dupes, rank-and-file members for groups, have secretaries to help on a community basis.

To the political secretary, all correspondence that is incoherent, abusive, threatening, is known as the "nut" letter, to be consigned unanswered to the waste-paper basket.

"Nut" letters have been written on religious tracts, on A.F.C.,



FIRST AIR RAID ON DARWIN. This picture, released last week, shows an Australian hospital ship and the burning U.S. destroyer 'Terry'.



RIGHT AND WRONG. Close are the makers' cuts, and wide bottoms. Soda are limited to those plate rolls of the manufacturers' clearing.

holders, even on tiny chewing-gum wrappers.

An old lady regularly writes to a Minister on a post-card filled with minute, unreadable, script in lines which cross one another at right angles.

To the student of sociology the political mailbag opens fertile fields of research.

To the busy member his mail represents an inescapable, often irksome duty.

But to the Treasury it represents a cost of £96 a year in stamps on behalf of every rank-and-file Member, and a much greater outlay for Ministers.

... GENIUS

In a big aircraft factory, engineers, technicians, draughtsmen, bored over blueprints, examined models, scratched their heads periodically.

They had a problem on their hands which they couldn't solve.

They knew that, by altering this component and adjusting that angle they should, theoretically, get more speed from the bomber they were building.

But it was not working out that way.

So they handed the job over to a twenty-year-old machine-wise prodigy, known in the factory as "Trouble-shooter."

With an intuitive touch and deep technical knowledge, "Trouble-shooter," barely out of engineering college, made a fractional, exactly-adequate adjust-

ment, and the problem was no longer a problem.

And now, when this bomber and the ones modelled on it fly out against the enemy they will have just that extra victory-winning ounce of speed.

To this youthful genius whose name cannot be told, have come many problems, the solution of which lay in slightly unorthodox, daringly original approach.

Last week the story came before Federal Ministers, told by superior officers appreciative of his talents, anxious that fullest use should be made of his extraordinary skill.

Ministers also heard other stories of Australian initiative and mechanical genius.

In fume-filled laboratories and anti-bug factories white-coated scientists and blue-overalled engineers are working technical miracles.

From pictures in salesman's catalogues, engineers have built precision tools better than the imported machine, no longer available.

Intensely absorbing was the story told to Ministers of how the manufacture of one vital component was reduced from thirty operations to a single, miraculous, machine-governed movement.

Amazing, too, are new fabricating methods, improved industrial processes not to be disclosed until war's end permits their diversion to peacetime production.

Delicate Australian-made optical instruments rival the renowned



JOHN DEAN. Minister for War Supplies has of industry, survey the new facilities for Valley clothing. He is visiting a new factory and with two other men are shown in the office of the new factory. He is shown in the office of the new factory. He is shown in the office of the new factory.



THE VICTORY SLACK SUE. The ladies had only two perfect buttons used only for fastenings. The slacks do not exceed 24" at the bottom of the trouser leg and have no cuffs. No belt allowed.

products of famed Jena.

With superb adaptability, Australian mechanics and chemists have imagined difficult processes, devised time-saving short cuts, set records unequalled in the factories and workshops of the United Nations.

Hoped one Minister, slightly awed at what he had been told: "I hope that to me falls the duty of telling this story when it can be told."

... EXHIBITS

Shorn of its glamorous trappings and historic relics, Parli-

ament House, in somber wartime role, sees few tourists these days.

In banalite spaciousness, King's Hall, grand salon of the legislative building, now presents stark-white walls and empty display cases to the sparse groups of sight-seers with time and transport to visit the Capital.

Costly pictures, irreplaceable souvenirs, priceless records have been moved until war's end to places remote from enemy hands.

From massive gilt frames, nation-builders, statesmen, politicians once stared down proudly, confidently, or gallantly at throngs of awed, rubbernecking tourists. Now, carefully wrapped in tarred paper, they provide nests for spiders and silverfish in a secret repository.

Only stout rusty hooks with identifying labels mark their places on the walls.

Nat until Japan's swift southward drive commenced did Federal authorities see danger to the simple but significant national treasures lodged in Parliament House.

Of all exhibits in King's Hall, only a grim line of frozen marble busts remains.

From a vantage point at the door of the Representatives' Chamber, World War I. Prime Minister Hughes, Richter in bronze, stands undisturbed, in listening pose, head to ear, head bent to catch the echoes of all the political plots hatched in this white-pillared, high-roofed hall.

To a destination unknown went the Japanese-given oil of a convoy of World War I, its passing unmarked by artists destructively critical of its unorthodox conception, its dancing, unnatural blarney.

Love to go from its princely place in King's Hall was the celestial Japanese urn brought back by touring Australian footballers a few years ago.

In basement display rooms, stoneworn documents, glittering relics, historic souvenirs, told in graphic summary the crowded story of a young nation.

Now the tools, the medals, the scrolls of the explorers, heroes and politicians rest unseen in packing cases for war's duration.

... CELEBRATION

Most thoroughly-laid foundation stone of all official buildings in Canberra is that of the New United States Legation.

In gale-whipped, icy rain, U.S. Minister Nelson T. Johnson, Prime Minister Curtin, and Interior Minister Collings patiently went through the motions of laying the stone—tap, tap, tapping until photographers were satisfied.

With enthusiasm and aplomb they faced up to the stone, declared it well and truly laid while photographers sought new, and yet newer dramatic camera angles.

Anxious that no incident of the simple, historically significant event should go unrecorded, Minister Johnson almost strayed his case,

had to be reminded by the architect to lower the stone finally to the wet cement.

No golden, inscribed trowel, traditional of such ceremonies, was provided.

But to the archives of Washington and Canberra will go pictures of that short Saturday morning celebration on a bleak Canberra hill, to mark a new milestone in the growing relationship of the Pacific Democracies.

For the palatial redbrick Georgian mansion will be the first foreign diplomatic building to be



VICTORY FASHION. Best evidence in live buttons movement, no more than two pockets (vertical flaps), no belt, no buttons or shirers. Dress at right has belt not exceeding 1", which is the limit permitted.

CANBERRA

erected on Australian territory.

Symbolized Minister Johnson: "This master does more than simply bind stone to brick. It symbolizes the abstract factors which truly bind the two nations in friendship and common purpose."

Past custom has been for diplomats to rent private, often inconvenient accommodations. Now, at a cost of \$30,000, the United States, free-spending, and jaded of its prestige, will have an enduring, appropriately imposing diplomatic headquarters of its own.

Lovely gardens, long, low-bordered walls, tennis courts and a swimming pool will surround this new legation set amongst Australian gum-trees on Canberra's most commanding eminence.

To Americans in Australia, this mansion will be part of their homeland.

For, within the confines of its low-cut hedges, its wall, in accordance with diplomatic custom, will be as American as that of Washington, Los Angeles, or The Bronx.

... DISCIPLINE

To Ministers preoccupied with framing new disciplinary measures for the Army in uniform came reports of civilian indiscipline, disturbingly widespread.

In mines and factories a capricious minority took time off, heedless of authority, heedless of all their leader's pleas and warnings of imminent danger.

In cities and towns, paltry, unpatriotic rascals began to flourish, nurtured by selfish people with unaccustomed surpluses of wealth in their pockets.

Worried, already overworked officials were called on to investigate black markets, sly profiteers, petty evasions that were springing up as a consequence of all this.

From Sydney came a report that tea salesmen were brazenly offering blackmarket tea in big city offices, selling where and when they could, as much as they could lay their hands on—at a comfortable profit.

Ration coupons were hardly in circulation before series of trading, false claims for lost books, the surreptitious sale of forged coupons began to reach Canberra.

Taxi-drivers boasted almost openly, with excited eyes, of limitless sources of illegal petrol. Socialists, at cocktail-parties and bridge-gossips passed on whispered tips of where to get frocks and clothing without coupons, if at high prices.

Joyously, thousands of Australians unperturbed their country, inconvenienced their neighbors for the thrill of petty law-breaking in comparative safety.

Bitterly, a Federal official charged with the investigation said: "Morale was never higher, morals never lower."

Money was never more plentiful, spending never so foolishly, dangerously lavish.

Most disheartening of all to



TWO DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A BIGGER



CANBERRA

Ministers was the inexorable, countless, unreasoning absenteeism from the mines and from industry. Said Prime Minister Curtin angrily: "A few strikes in the grass can poison the war effort of a community."

Right he was. There still seemed to be a great section of the population who could not realize that we were by no means out of the wood, that it needed only a twist of fate for us to be overrun by the fertile, grunting Japanese. They could not visualize what would happen if that day ever came.

They were forgetting, ignoring, or shrugging off what their Prime Minister said five weeks back:

"We face vital, perilous weeks, struggle with exceedingly important happenings in Australia. Invasion is a menace capable hardly

of becoming an actuality . . .

"I have said that talk of an offensive is meaningless unless this country is held. Launching an offensive means building, and building means time. We are building, and we are racing against time, but we have still to take swift, giant strides without our own country."

"We want to strike, we know how to strike, and we will strike, but our striking power must have behind it the full strength of this nation. Further, we may have to strike first in defence, then in offence. But in either event, our punch must be loaded with everything Australia has behind it. 'Everything' means no subtractions, no reservations, no excuses, no shortcomings . . .

"The home front economy is our second fighting line and every citizen is in the fighting line no

less than the uniformed man in the front line."

They were forgetting one great thing Australia could go under; the bone-chilling, brutal horror of a Japanese invasion could become an actuality. Sooner or later, if absenteeism and racketeering increased enough, no doubt those things would come to pass.

... COLD

In Canberra to-day more people go to bed early than ever before.

Where once they spent comfortable after-dinner hours before cheerful log fires, they now have the choice of early retirement or cold discomfort.

For firewood has become a precious commodity in the national Capital, and ownership entails the careful guarding that is usually reserved for possessions intrinsically more valuable.

Because, while Canberra residents will—and almost always—do—go out leaving their houses unlocked, open to the world, they will not, and do not go out leaving their woodpiles unguarded.

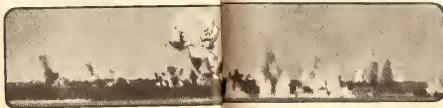
As Arctic blizzards sweep down from nearby, snow-capped mountains, Canberra customarily withdraws to steam-heated offices, fire-warmed homes.

But now cold-ups have depleted the ranks of the wood-cutters, and petrol rationing has restricted, if not stopped, deliveries.

The homegoing official with an armful of firewood gulched here and there along the way is becoming daily more and more familiar.

In many houses the dog kennel has been moved closer to the woodpile for better guarding.

Sundries, with axe and billhook, saw, upshod officials go squinting for firewood, lucky indeed to find



DARWIN. A SIMULTANEOUS RELEASE OF BOMBS ON THE WATERFRONT AS 27 JAPANESE PLANES RAIDED TOWN.

CANBERRA

enough to keep house and hearth warm for the week to come.

... CRITICISM

Groote-bearded, spruagmanian Interior Minister Collings, ministerial overlord of Canberra, is losing ground at no slow pace in the popularity field.

At odds with his advisers, in open warfare with some of his subjects who are bitterly resentful of his iron-handed dictatorship, Minister Collings faces some difficult times.

To the multitude of ordinances, rules, restrictions, regulations, which have produced a community notable for its collective docility, tactfulness, non-smoker Minister Collings has added new prohibitions.

When more populous, more valuable cities ordered house-wares, impetuous, uncompromising Minister Collings demanded a fullfired blackout.

For four months Minister Collings adamantly refused to lift his Canberra blackout by so much as a single glimmer, rejecting all advice from authorities appointed to advise him.

But from the blackness of a be-

leaguered city, Canberra has at last emerged to the modest dimness of an occasional well-screened street-light—a grudging, hardwon, concession at long last.

But to all other protests, appeals, requests, Minister Collings has turned a deaf ear. No greater admirer of the blackout imposed on the Nation's Capital, he himself stays away so long as he can, makes his visits as short as possible and only when business makes it urgently necessary.

Walking briskly to and from his office and hotel when he does go to Canberra, agile Minister Collings swings his walking-stick fiercely, defiantly, scorns the seething crowds of passers-by.

... REVIEW

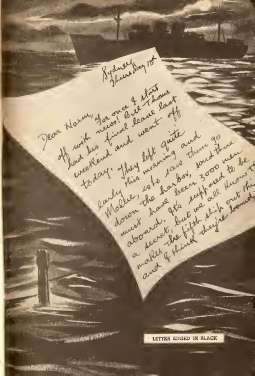
At July's end, Army Minister Forde had completed a ten-day inspection of Australian northern defences.

Australians might well look to the significance of what he said, of the fact that he had made a review, of the things he saw.

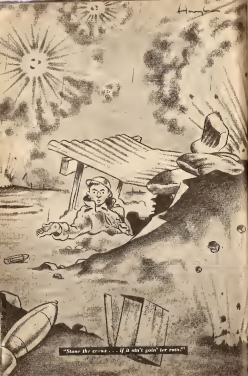
He could reveal little; but fact was that he had gone carefully over the ground at what looked like the tailend of a hull proceeding a storm.

After his review, Army Minister Forde felt confident, although he made no trash boats. Said he: "There is no question that any enemy who attempted to invade our northern defences would receive an extremely warm welcome."

Secretary Government Paper
forwarding notes is quite im-
possible for "Canberra" to meet
full demands for copies. There-
fore it is suggested that you
order your copy in advance
through your newsagent.



Sydney
Thursday 10
Dear Harry,
For once I start
off with news! But I don't
have his final leave last
weekend and went off
today. They left quite
early this morning and
Molke, who saw them go
down the harbor, said there
must have been 3000 men
aboard. It's supposed to be
a secret, but we all know it
makes the fifth ship out this
and I think they're bound



"Stand the odds . . . if it ain't gold for me!"



Section Three

AUSTRALIA AT WAR

A Running History of a Nation's Fight

... ACTION

In early July, Australian troops were hanging over missiles on two sides of the world. From their Middle East garrisons they had been called in hurriedly to help save Egypt from a fate worse than death.

But in Australia's Near North they pulled off one of their more spectacular stunts.

Like black shadows, they crept out of the velvet thickness of New Guinea's jungle, struck quickly, fiercely, dissolved back into the jungle again.

In cold, unemphatic words, the official communique gave the outline of the situation: "North-eastern Sector — New Guinea: Salamaua: In a night raid, Allied land forces successfully engaged the enemy garrison, inflicting losses estimated at 60 and capturing equipment.

"Allied casualties, two wounded. Thereafter the enemy retreated by burning Milba and Komatene without damage."

First land raid made by Allied forces in the south-west Pacific since the Japanese began their southward surge, it was typical of

the Allied policy of offense, of hitting back with whatever was at hand, not waiting defensively for full strength to arrive.

The Jap was completely surprised, hopping mad. It was not that he had lost 60 to 100 men. He had plenty more where they came from. It was not that he had lost a little equipment, for he was not short of that, either. It was the blow to his pride.

According to General Headquarters, raiding troops had not been taken to Salamaua by sea, but got there, in some unspecified way, by land.

Chances were they had been landed some distance from Salamaua at least does, perhaps weeks before the raid, had spent the intervening time digging themselves in, living off the country, waiting.

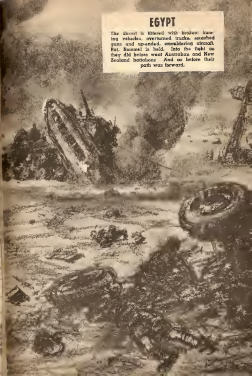
It was no first move in a major offensive. That was plain enough. It was purely and simply a raid, based on British Continental raids, with the purpose of throwing some bad morale into Japanese ranks.

In terms of Australian morale,

(Turn to Page 36)

EGYPT

The Desert is littered with broken landing vehicles, overturned trucks, smashed guns and up-ended, smoldering aircraft. Pat. Marshall is held. Into the fight on they did bring west Australia and New Zealand battalions. And so before their path was forward.



AUSTRALIA AT WAR

the raid's effect was good. In terms of demoralizing Japanese morale, it had some effect, although its extent could not be easily estimated.

Fact was that, for the southern Allies, it was good practice stuff, that would be of some help when the time came for an all-out northward move.

... SCIENCE

In Canberra, War Cabinet decided to set up a scientific liaison bureau. Although its establishment met with little publicity, it was a highly important move—both in terms of winning the war and winning the peace.

During war, it would:

"... become familiar with facilities for scientific work in Government and non-Government laboratories so that problems can be directed into the most appropriate channels and duplication of effort minimized.

"... supply contacts between men encountering scientific problems and men who could solve them.

"... arrange where no other channels existed for co-operative work between Government and non-Government scientific departments."

In peace—or, perhaps, before peace came—it would direct the full weight of its powers and wisdom towards channelling effort back into peacetime pursuits, set itself to solving the innumerable, complex difficulties of reconstruction,

smooth roads from the war back.

... ATTACK

Towards middle of July, Attorney-General Ewing took home from abroad where he had done no small job of winning public opinion over to a sympathetic consideration of Australia's difficulties and viewpoints, had some urgent pungent things to say about the Pacific War.

Deduced he: "I am convinced that, if we do not shortly move towards the offensive, Japan will."

Added he, in a cautionary tone: "We must not allow ourselves to be misled into any sense of false security in the Pacific.

"Japan's power must never again be under-estimated. She is still enjoying what amounts to a new engine. The task of conquering her has hardly commenced.

"There is a grave danger in thinking that the Japanese are being held at bay and that that is enough. They will never stay still. When they seem quiescent they are only gathering their strength for another spring. It is essential to encourage any feeling of over-confidence or complacency.

"Until we are able to attack Japan, we must be prepared to be attacked by Japan—at almost any part of the Pacific.

"Undoubtedly the position in Australia has been greatly improved during the last few months. The great danger is that we will

(Turn to Page 49)



HEAVY, WERE THE BOMBS THAT FELL IN DARWIN STREETS

Australians in Egypt have proved that man against metal is far from being a hopeless proposition. In a recent attack our men sprang into the combat with anti-tank grenades. In 1918 when they had accounted for five of the enemy machines, Gus Sawyer went to the full extent of his creditable vocabulary when he loaded a grenade and it failed to explode. Still cursing he pitched another. The tank's tracks were blown off and crew surrendered.



AUSTRALIA AT WAR

be marled by this improvement into supposing that a stalemate in the Pacific is a satisfactory state of affairs.

"Having seen for myself the gigantic war effort of the people of Britain, and the rapid acceleration of the drive for victory in the United States, I have complete faith that, despite our many setbacks, victory will be achieved—and achieved completely.

"One of the conditions of victory is to banish forever any thought of retreat or stalemate. Both are defeatism. The only principle to adopt is that of a developing offensive."

... MEMORIES

For Commander-in-Chief General Sir Thomas Blamey, it was a day of memories, because the men he was watching on manoeuvres were the same men he had sent into Greece.

At a base in Western Australia, after manoeuvres, he took the salute, subsequently addressed them in his steady, bell-clear, parade-ground voice.

Said he: "This cold day must bring back memories to you, too—memories of the long night marches in Greece.

"You must love memories, too, of the dust of the desert, where our own men are fighting to-day.

... DUST

He might well speak of the desert's dust, of Australian troops fighting there, with their backs to the wall. Seldom do they fight

better than when their task is most difficult. Only when their task seems impossible do they fight their glorious best. History has shown that.

Now, in Egypt, with the enemy hammering at the gates of Suez, they had gone into action again.

As yet, there was little to say about them. They were doing the crazy, incredible, glorious things they had always done. They were going into battle with curses and laughter and songs on their lips. They were travelling up to the front through weedy, ragged, unbroken Allied lines, cooking a *journey* thumb, bowling their *Watsons Matilda*, cracking jokes, yelling threats of how they would crack the Jerry when they got him.

They were no empty braggarts, these men who made a tough lightness of every grave situation. They might boast; but they had the sand to put their boasting into practice. They might seem careless, undisciplined—but their clear eyes missed nothing, their apparent lack of discipline was, in fact, disciplined so that they lost nothing of the initiative, knew everything of teamwork, could be relied on to carry orders through whether it meant hell or high-water—which, to them, was one and the same thing.

Whatever they were, wherever they were in Egypt, during July, one thing was certain about them: they were making more Australian history.

PACIFIC

FOR THE PACIFIC, JULY, 1942, WAS A QUIET MONTH, WITH PLANNING AND PREPARATION IN THE WIND. • A BIG WRIGHT AGREEMENT WAS SIGNED. • THE U.S. HAD REASON TO BE PROUD OF IMPRESSIVE PRODUCTION FIGURES.



PACIFIC

...QUIET

For the Pacific, July, 1942, was a quiet month. In Australia's near north, there was mostly inactivity, with an occasional, inconclusive raid by one side or the other, an Australian commando raid, continued reconnaissance by us, to keep tabs on each other.

On the water, there was little if any activity. On land the only fighting being done was by the weary, slowing unslapping Chinese, to whom it was no new thing.

Underneath all this, perhaps things were moving.

One thing at least was certain: Australia was still packing a lot of preparation into as short a time as possible, getting set and ready for offense or defence, whichever came first.

Another thing was at least possible: Chances were that little was being heard from the U.S., because that country was concentrating hell for leather on the business of assisting Great Britain in getting a second front organized for immediate use. This would require little attention, and might mean at least temporary neglect for the Pacific theatre.

Meanwhile, the Japanese were settling down comfortably on their newly-acquired Aleutian property, digging themselves in snugly, although no one could quite see why. But bet: That it was a mere prelude to a Japanese attack on Siberia, came the right moment.

...WHEAT

One of the biggest, though unspectacular, announcements of the month was that a wheat agreement had been completed, signed by Australia, the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, Argentina.

It aimed to control wheat production and keep stocks down to a safe minimum for the war's duration.

It had other objects. At the war's end, it would form the basis of a world-wide wheat production and distribution organization.

Straightaway, when peace came, the agreement's signatories, between them, would pool 100,000,000 bushels of wheat and pack it off swiftly into starving European countries to alleviate civilian suffering.

According to the announcement, discussions had been started in Washington more than twelve months ago.

On his way home, External Affairs Minister Ewing lobbied in Washington in nice time to put his name to the paper on behalf of the Australian commonwealth.

Explained Prime Minister Curtin in a windy explanatory announcement: "The memorandum of the agreement now concluded provides for the convening by the United States when the time is considered appropriate of a conference of all nations having a substantial interest in wheat, whether as consumers or producers, and there is



Tourist from Tokio

President Roosevelt plus in the chest of General Henry D. Dill the Congressional Medal of Honor. Said Dill: "We did a lot of damage. We did it here. I'm really interested. . . . But we were in a hurry."

PACIFIC

attached to it for consideration at that conference a draft convention prepared by the Washington wheat meeting.

"Meanwhile, the memorandum of agreement requires adaptation and maintenance by the four exporting countries of positive measures to control production with the object of minimizing the accumulated excess of stocks during the war.

"The memorandum of agreement provides also for the immediate establishment of a pool of wheat for inter-Governmental relief in war-stricken and other needy areas so soon as the international situation permits . . .

"To prevent disorganization and confusion immediately after the war and pending conclusion of a comprehensive international wheat agreement the memorandum provides for bringing into operation for a limited period provisions of the draft convention relating to control by the four exporting countries of production, stocks and exports, and for co-operation by all five countries in stabilizing prices."

... 'PLANES AND SUCH

The U.S. felt pretty pleased with itself, pretty proud of the fact that it was not only keeping up its schedule on its production, but, in many instances, getting ahead of it.

According to Independence Day announcements it was:

(1) Turning out planes at the

rate of 50,000 per year. Not all would be front-line machines; some were trainers, other transports. But the figures, nevertheless, were impressive. In that total was an imposing number of front-line aircraft.

The Aircraft Production Committee claimed that Franklin Roosevelt's 60,000-plane demand for 1942 would be met.

(2) Naval construction was going ahead great guns. Pearl Harbor losses, said a spokesman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, had been more than made up already.

"As a result of increased building tempo, the two-ocean navy which was to have been completed in 1947 will be almost finished in 1944."

Added he: "We have already established the goal of a seven-ocean navy of 5,500,000 tons which will be operating before the end of 1946."

Facts were, however, that the ships were needed long before 1947, or 1946—or even 1944. They were needed most badly now. The year 1944 might be much too late if the immediate problem of how to lick U-boat sinkings was not solved in double-quick time.

(3) Franklin D. Roosevelt signed a new War Appropriation Act. Its astronomical total: \$13,400,000,000 (Australian!)—which would buy some 25,000 planes, about 100,000 tanks and other mechanized war gadgets.

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

TO MEMBERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY EXPEDITIONARY
FORCES:

You are a soldier of the United States Army.

You have embarked for distant places where the war is being fought.

Upon the outcome depends the freedom of your lives; the freedom of the lives of those you love—your fellow-citizens—your people.

Never were the enemies of freedom more tyrannical, more arrogant, more brutal.

You are a God-fearing, proud, courageous people, which, throughout its history, has put its freedom under God before all other purposes.

We who stay at home have our duties to perform—duties owed in many parts to you. You will be supported by the whole force and power of this Nation. The victory you win will be a victory of all the people—common to them all.

You bear with you the hope, the confidence, the gratitude and the prayers of your family, your fellow-citizens, and your President—

Franklin D. Roosevelt

A PERSONAL LETTER FROM F.D.R.

This is the letter which President Franklin D. Roosevelt sent to every single member of the American Expeditionary Force in England. The name of the President is affixed at the bottom, and the address will undoubtedly be held as a coveted and valued possession of the recipients.

PACIFIC

(4) The U.S. decided that it would ditch the idea of completing light cruisers as such and turn them into a new kind of light, aircraft carrier-ship.

(5) The army would start right in absorbing men crumpled considered medically unfit. From now on they were headed for the ranks irrespective of whether they had bad eyesight, flat feet, or any other minor defects.

(6) To *Callier's Magazine*, General MacArthur, who can turn a dramatically poetic phrase with the best of them, sent an Independence Day cable.

Flushed he:

"In a land where conflicting political and economic groups enjoyed full freedom of thought and action, where the right to criticism and dissent is treasured as a priceless privilege, there has occurred a singular transformation.

"We have crystallized into a singleness of definite purpose, not by the imposed dictate of a ruthless dictator, but by the free will of millions of Americans.

"This unity speaks to us in the ancient humming of American factories, in the wind stirring the wheatfields of the west, in the drone of planes, and in the ships that carry America's strength to the battlefields of the world.

"This mighty war production comes from free men, who treasure individual liberty as a God-given, inalienable right."

(7) To Australia, New York's

Mayor (Little Flower) La Guardia radioed:

"At one time, not so very long ago, you were far, far away. But to-day you are very close to us indeed—you are very near and very dear to our hearts.

"We have been inspired and encouraged by the fortitude and courage and determination displayed by the people of Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain.

"The people of the United States would refuse to live if Australia and New Zealand were dominated by the Japanese. That must not be. That will not be."

(8) Around the Democratic United world somewhere was an awful lot of war-making gear. At the middle of July, it was announced from the U.S. that lend-lease aid to the total sum of about £1,600,000,000 (Australian) had been dispensed.

Of this, about 59 per cent. had been actually sent to Allied nations, about 25 per cent. was still being produced, the rest represented American services.

...CHINA

Early in the month, China, briefly, determinedly, celebrated the end of her fifth year of war with the common Japanese enemy.

At the entrance of the United Nations into the Pacific conflict, she had gained some valuable, full-time Allies, got a fleeting, hopeful glimpse of help to come, suffered disappointment.

For a start, they were very little use to her. Because, like so many



PACIFIC WAR VETERAN

Through all the hell that very
Corvidor and Europe came to life
who knows everything is a man
whose eyes are named North with
good photographs. The boy is
less. His name is Arthur MacArthur.

PACIFIC

empire, their possessions had gone down before the Japanese spearroller, making China's position blacker than even.

She had even lost her most needful possession—the Burma Road, over which, before her entry into the war, she could get supplies.

As her fifth year of fighting slipped into her sixth, she had upwards of 5,000,000 men on the field. At the war's beginning, she had something like 2,000,000—all organized, ill-equipped.

It was still a matter for conjecture whether the 5,000,000 were better equipped than the 2,000,000. But what she lacked in arms and equipment she made up for in guts and elasticity.

If the war went on for another five years it would probably be the same.

In Chongking it was a steamy day, like the inside of a wet oven. Under a sky from which the blue had been boiled the languid, muggy Yangtze sailed off towards the distant coast.

Through the city that rivals all others for having suffered most air-blasting, jaded troops marched. They looked limp and weary, sweat-stained, worn.

But that was no indication of what was inside them. For, in each one of them, there burned a cold, unquenchable fire that did not show in their faces, their marching.

They had seen terrible things—things that had shocked civilized nations the world over. For near-

ly five long years they had fought on alone, until it seemed they must fight on alone forever.

Now there were others beside them. At first, in the new war's early stages, things had gone badly with their new allies. But it would not be always so. Those allies had everything it took to make a victory—resources, money, men—the tools of war.

And the last battle had yet to be fought.

... ARGUMENT

As to where Japan would strike next, there was some Pacific argument, quite a bit of Pacific up-slissing.

Learned commentators, calculating correspondents, retired admirals, armchair generals all had something to say on the subject.

They said that Japan would next strike at Australia; that this was obvious to them and so ought to be obvious to everyone else.

They said that Japan would next strike at Siberia, where she had an appointment to uphold the Far Eastern end of an Axis agreement.

They said that Japan would next strike at India, where she would make a junction with Fuehrer Hitler's forces as they marched down through the Middle East.

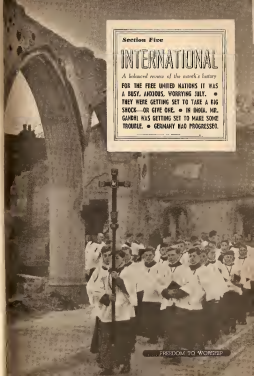
For the moment, Japan confirmed none of this. Where and when she would strike was, for the time being, her own closely-guarded business.

Section Five

INTERNATIONAL

A balanced review of the week's history

FOR THE FREE UNITED NATIONS IT WAS A BUSY, ANXIOUS, WORRYING JULY. • THEY WERE GETTING SET TO TAKE A BIG SHOCK—OR GIVE ONE. • IN INDIA, MR. GANDHI WAS GETTING SET TO MAKE SOME TROUBLE. • GERMANY HAD PROGRESSED.



...BUSY

For the First United Nations, July was a busy, anxious, worrying month. Everything seemed to have been thrown into the melting-pot. What would come out when the fire died down was anyone's guess.

Fact was that the Democrats were still far too cocky. Even after nearly three years of tough, frightening, hard-slogging war, they still could not realize that they could be beaten.

Greatest psychological factor in this aspect was, perhaps, America's entrance into the war. For more than two years, the Empire had had to stick it out alone.

When time came for the U.S. to jump into the cauldron's middle,

both feet braced, relief was so great that no one doubted the end was in sight—Bismarck, because that was what they had been wanting and praying for . . . the tremendous added weight of American help; Americans, because they had not yet tasted this kind of war, knew little of it at first hand, were full of fight and confidence.

The result: a widespread sighing and relaxing, with only the Axis working full-out, taking nothing for granted, knowing that the fight would go to the swiftest and the strongest, whether he had confidence or not.

But at June's end and July's beginning, the United Nations woke up with a terrible start.

It was not the first time they

had been scared. That had happened many a time before, and they had always gone complacently back to their sleep again.

Perhaps this time they were properly awake for good and all, perhaps not. Whether they had wakened in time to save their skins still had to be determined. If they had not—if, in fact, they were beaten, they had no one but themselves to blame.

...SCARED

In the U.S., Prime Minister Churchill was amazed and so little scared. For more a day he had given off reassuring words about the Allied position in Libya.

To everyone with whom he spoke, he told the same tale. In the

Middle East, things were snug and tight; we had the edge over Rommel; we had superiority in everything it takes to win a campaign; just let Rommel start something and see where he got.

Just where Rommel got when he started something can best be told by the *Sydney Morning Herald's* July headlines—a tale of progressive woe, beginning June 30, as Libya was lost:

"Position at Matruh Uncertain—Aschmidek in Charge of Eighth Army—Germans Still Advance in Egypt—Battle of El Alamein Opens—Eastern Drive Held in Egypt—Axis Attacks Held in Egypt—Successful Counter Blows in Egypt."

From that point onwards (July



THERE'S A MOURNING HOME IN GERMANY . . . BESIDE THE WRECKAGE OF HIS PLANE LIES



BODY OF A NAZI SHOT DOWN BY THE SIDE OF A CANAL SOMEWHERE IN RUSSIA.

INTERNATIONAL

?) the position brightened. But even towards July's end, it was still uncertain.

Although Prime Minister Churchill had announced early in the year that "Egypt would be held," it was more a hope than a certainty.

Because for days, with the enemy almost within shooting distance of Alexandria, the Eighth Army was hanging on only by the skin of its teeth, hanging on with nothing but guts while the travel-weary, fight-worn Germans wore themselves out.

At that point it was staring only, and no man in the world was able to tell which way the fight would go—except by a lucky bit of guessing.

Fact was, it gave Prime Minister Churchill a bad jolt.

...OTHER FRONTS

Meantime, there were other headaches.

In Russia, German armies were pounding ahead at great style.

It had begun with the German attack on Sebastopol. Even after its long, weary, bloody siege, Sebastopol was no easy nut to crack. It held out in a way that brought admiring gasps from the whole world.

At last, however, under Germany's gigantic, concentrated hammer-blows, it was forced under by sheer weight of men and metal. But Fuhrer Hitler's armies paid dearly for their victory.

Straightaway, Germany's offensive began on the Kurak-Kharlov

front. But its beginning—the start of what will probably prove to be a tremendously important battle—was barred under the weight of Britain's Egyptian woes.

...MOVEMENT

Meantime, in the midst of all this Axis harry harry, what movement was the United Nations brooding?

No one knew. There were new rumors. But there had been rumors for many a weary month. There were promises, and threats. But there had been promises and threats before.

Some thought that Britain and the United States had made a definite promise "to create a second front in 1942." Others said that this would be done simply by large-scale bombing attacks. Still others said that no such promise had been made. The violent and the energetic wanted a second front immediately, whatever the costs, whatever the risks. The cautious and the fearful said that now was not the time for a second front, that the Democracies were not ready.

What was the truth in all these divided counsels? There seemed to be a hush over the whole Democratic world—and that at a time when, by all the good signs, they should have been anything but hushed. What did it mean?

There was no doubt that Democratic people everywhere wanted a second front. They felt tied and helpless, like a man weighed



LUBECK

Hitler's bombers at the Soltau raid were successful. Today, above the city a foggy, warm mist at the harbor, the harbor is quiet and deserted. The harbor is quiet and deserted. The harbor is quiet and deserted.

INTERNATIONAL

down in a bad dream, as they watched Russia being bloodgroomed—perhaps into submission.

Full well they knew how Russia must feel. They, too, knew how it felt to be fighting all alone, as he hauled back and back.

From them, in all parts of the world, came a clamor that, whatever the risks, now was the time to strike—so-morrow would be too late.

Outstanding feature of the whole business was the peoples' rising, aggressive spirit. They wanted no more of defence; they wanted to get on with the job of wreaking their vengeance on Germany.

Chances were that there would

yet be a second front. After starting off with a clang and a bang in their 1000-bomber raids, the British suddenly went quiet on them—not because they were ineffective or expensive; but for some other unexplained reason. Perhaps, like a lion leaping, they had made their experimental jumps, were ready to take the big spring.

In a vast invasion-exercise, they had flexed their muscles, were limbering up.

In military matters, there was some quick organising and re-organising going on. Good men were being promoted fast, bad ones were being weeded out.

From the British Isles came reports of frantic activity—some of

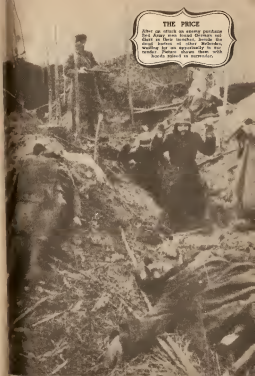


THEY BUILT 'EM TOUGH. An exhibition of the power of the American Army's new M-4 medium tank which was rushed from the assembly line into deep mud near the manufacturing plant in the Cleveland suburb of Lorain. For hours being mired, although the legends of war breed it under mud, the M-4 pulled out unscathed.

Cleveland, August, 1945 Page 24

THE PRICE

After an attack on enemy positions that lasted more than three hours, the British in their trenches, beside the dead bodies of other soldiers, waiting for an opportunity to surrender. Before dawn they with hands raised in surrender.



INTERNATIONAL

British government and capital have done a lot to improve Indian conditions.

Yet, like a son grown to manhood, India (or, a comparatively intelligent handful of 300,000-000) wants to do her own thinking, her own governing, go her own way.

In the way of this stand a number of difficulties. (1) At present, India's thinking is confused, her counsels divided; there is no clear majority of opinion on what she thinks; (2) under normal conditions, there is no British objection to her doing her own governing, and going her own way. At the moment, however, Britain was fighting for her life and wanted to know which way an independent Indian nation would jump.

She could not afford to hand out independence unless she could be sure that India's full, complete support would still be forthcoming in this fight for Imperial life. And she knew that, once India got independence, no one, not even India herself, could know where her allegiances would lie.

Weeks ago, Envoy Cripps had offered India everything she could wish to have—except control of her defence, which would be handed over at the war's end. But, for India, that was not good enough; she wanted everything now, on the dot.

During July, needle-shanked, sharp-shouled Mohandas Gandhi, began to make more trouble for the British Raj, looked like having

himself thrown back into the cooler if he continued to make trouble. For trouble, at this time, was something the British Raj could not tolerate.

A straw in the political wind was the resolution of the All-India Congress Committee, passed on May 1, in which can be seen the fine hand of Saint Gandhi.

The resolution's burden: "The present crisis and experience of Cripps' negotiations make it impossible for Congress to consider any scheme of proposals which retain even in partial measure British control and authority in India."

"Not only the interests of India, but also Britain's safety and world peace, and freedom demand that Britain must abandon her hold on India. It is on the basis of independence that India can deal with Britain or with other nations."

Thus, through the Committee, spoke Gandhi.

Few days later (10th May), in his own newspaper, *Horizon*, he said the same thing in different words, using a slightly more menacing tone.

Declained he: "I am convinced that the time has come during the war, not after it, for the British and Indians to be reconciled to complete separation from each other . . .

"I feel I must devote the whole of my energy to the realisation of this Supreme Act. The presence of the British in India is an event."

(Turn to Page 64)





INTERNATIONAL

It secret, some of it mysterious, some forthright. Added up it might mean anything or nothing.

But the signs were there.

At Portsmouth, Laborite Lord Strabelg took a quick glance at public opinion and jumped on to the band-wagon.

Said he, cramming everything into a nutshell: "The second front, which Britain and the United States are now in a position to create, is long overdue."

"Further delays and hesitations will again give Germany the opportunity to defeat the Allies one by one."

As it had been from the beginning, chances were that it was so now: An allied race against time.

They had planned late, started late, were still back on scratch, while the German Fuehrer was getting away to a flying start.

Only one question needed answering to give the key to the whole situation: Had the Allies been too late again in starting?

If they had been only a little late; if they could quickly manage to make up the losses, there might still be hope of helping Russia.

According to one correspondent, who might or might not be indulging in wishful thinking, Russia still had a couple of spectacular cards up her sleeve.

"There are some—not to be despised—who insist that Russia is making a tremendous gamble, and (Turn to Page 58)



BUILDING SHIP CHASERS UPSIDE DOWN is latest American speed idea. The USS chaser are built in sections which are welded in that position. Picture shows a bow section being raised after preparation to be joined to the stern.



LAST OF LEXINGTON

The wreck "Albatross" had last been seen on this beach photo-graph was taken. The ship was found lying on the rocks. The wreck is covered by mud and sand. Later the ship's remains were removed.

INTERNATIONAL

tion to Japan to invade India. Their withdrawal removes the bait."

...WATCHFUL

Write one correspondent: "The British are on the watch."

"There is more than a good chance that Gandhi might start something at any minute—perhaps a widespread civil disobedience campaign."

"At this critical juncture, Britain cannot afford to take the smallest risk. The Indian war effort is growing daily."

"The military situation here is growing more satisfactory every day, with the arrival of help—both men and the arms they need—from various parts of the world."

"But that satisfactory situation can be seriously weakened by any kind of civil squabbling, whether of a passive or active kind. We cannot, at this juncture, afford to take risks."

It was phlegm-plain that



SHYING MEMBERS

Only to look, only to see
No one old enough
To see with eyes
For with such little concern
And silent death above
Only to see how
It is made—human

British patience was wearing thin. Even in the midst of the world's greatest war, she had offered to do all she could to meet India's wishes, but it was no dice.

Said Professor Coupland, who occupies the Ben Chair of Colonial History (Oxford), a member of Cripps' Mission: "Control of India's foreign relations cannot suddenly, in the middle of the night, be separated from the control of Britain's foreign relations and of the British forces and Indian forces, mostly led by British officers, defending India. For both, while the war lasts, there can be only one final authority."

"It is important, too, to remember that all the key posts in administration are held by members of the Indian Civil Service and the Indian police, recruited by the Secretary of State, who in the last resort is responsible for their conduct."

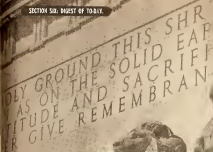
"To transform their status now is out of the question, with the Japanese at the very gates of India."

"If any great number of them retired, the whole structure of the Indian Administration would collapse."

Facts were, it could not be done, and if anyone tried to do it by violence (passive or active), sooner or later, he would end up in hot water, probably find himself cooling his heels behind bars.

It had not come to that yet, but things were working up, and strong British action might yet become both necessary and desirable.

SECTION SIX: DUST OF TODAY.



To the LAST MAN

L. H. CLARK

"Rise up! Defend our nation
In weakness, field and bay,
With God our inspiration,
And fight our quaking ray."
Such is his battle station
We listen to obey.

Come all who'd dare assail her!
Ye devil—Earthly Powers—
His true men will not fail her
As War's dread image looms
Above her. Conquerors, hell's den
"Australia! Land of men!"

Aye! Scan the skies. Watch every wave.
Guard neither—order—mode.
With these two hands the good land gave
To us, we'll end this trade
With honor. Defeat and the gorge,
Or victory and life!

Mr. Germany Still Hopes . . .

OTTO STRASSER

When the break comes it will not be
crack from within, as it did in 1933

Otto Strasser, leader of the "Black Front" of Anti-Nazi Germans, now resident in Canada, contributed this hopeful picture of high treason in Germany in a recent issue of "The New Statesman and Nation," London. Dr. Strasser is the author of "Germany To-morrow," "Hitler and I," and "Hurry to My Fate," all published by Gope, London.

There are, perhaps, only two people who are fully aware of the tremendous tension which has existed in Germany since Hitler's advent to power. The two people are Heinrich Himmler and myself. Since 1933 Germany has been divided into three political categories, one of which comprises the confirmed Nazis (about 10 per cent.), the second, the convinced Anti-Nazis (about 10 per cent.), the third, the 80 per cent. of unpolitical Germans, who—more or less loyally—go along with the victor. Himmler, Germany's supreme police chief, and leader of the S.S., the German "Iron Guard," is in a position to know best of all Nazis the strength and weakness of the regime. I, as leader of the "Black Front," the best organized—if not the largest—anti-Nazi organization in Germany, have as thorough a knowledge of the situation from the op-

posite angle. Both of us know that the 80 per cent. of loyal Germans, who, incidentally, make up the main body of the fighting force, do not possess any political convictions. Their attitude is determined by emotional factors, more especially by the instinct of self-preservation, which naturally leads them to the side of the possible victor.

In the minds of these 80 per cent. of unpolitical Germans, the memory of the last World War is very much alive, as is the fact that the German army proceeded from victory to victory—only to be finally confronted with defeat. "The great number of our victories choked us in the end," proclaimed the Prussian war historians during all the years after 1918. This fear is prevalent in Germany to-day. For no longer do reports speak of the certainty of an outright victory. Many people in Germany—especially those connected with military circles—still hope for what they call a "doceat" peace, which means to say that they expect to maintain Germany's present position in Europe, renouncing any dreams of conquest in Africa, Asia Minor, and South America. Those very circles, however, are quite conscious of the fact that such a peace is neither desired nor obtainable by the Party. Therefore,

there will have to be a parting of the ways. And let there emerge the aim of the reactionary forces, the military clique, the landed gentry, and the heavy industries. That aim is, at least to save their own skins and positions for a future peace, if the war cannot be won.

On the occasion of Rudolf Hess's flight to England I published an account of a detailed plan (received by me in April, 1941) for the installing of a military dictatorship in Germany. The aim of this dictatorship was, and still is, to maintain the power of Prussians in Germany by sacrificing the Hitler regime, and by making an early peace with England. I am still convinced that the mission of Hess stood in direct connection with this plan. Hess, as the representative of the Party, hoping to arrive himself at a peace with England, which peace was to entail the sacrifice of Russia. His failure proved that British and American policy cannot and will not make peace with the Nazi Party.

That was also the conclusion the generals drew from Hess's failure, and they have since then been intensifying preparations—both within Germany and abroad—to launch their *coup d'état* at the right moment. It is not easy to predict when that moment will come. The Prussian reactionaries will certainly not undertake a *coup d'état* before a visible military defeat has convinced the majority of Germans that Hitler cannot win the war. They are far too clever to give anyone the opportunity of seeing them at a "stab in the

back." On the contrary, they will endeavour to appear as the saviours of Germany. They will even avoid an open conflict with the Gestapo as long as possible. They are especially hard put to it to decide what will become of Hitler, the problem is whether or not it will be necessary to "take over" Herr Hitler.

At present, the majority believe that it is necessary to do so, if only for the reason that it will be expedient to have him sign the death warrants of his former friends. In the long run, the Old Prussian forces are aiming for the re-establishing of a monarchy in Germany, possibly even of several monarchies, since it is certain that the cry of "Hohenstaufen" will be answered by that of "Habsburg," and *vice versa*.

There is one other possible solution of the German problem—one that is at present being prepared in Germany proper. It is the German Revolution. This is the solution sought for by those 10 per cent. of the German people who are confirmed anti-Nazis, the men and women who for years have struggled against Hitler's regime—against the Party as well as against the Old Prussian reactionaries. Their struggle was inspired only in part by their hatred of the brutalizations, the oppression, the destruction inflicted upon Germany by the Hitler system. Their strongest incentive was the will to build a better Germany in a better Europe. The Opposition knows that this war represents the conflict of the idea of "domination" and of "co-operation." It has

chosen its stand, which is for "co-operation" and against "domination." Its fight against Hitlerism must therefore include the fight against Prussianism.

Without doubt, the attitude of British and American foreign policy will be a decisive factor in the solving of the German problem.

But, whatever London and Washington are moved to decide upon, we are resolved to bring about the German Revolution—even in the face of an established military dictatorship—knowing full well that only a German Revolution can give us a new Germany—and with it, peace in our time.



Then came Mac Arthur

On the night of Sunday, December 5th, a friend of mine was stopping in the same house as four young American reporters who had been sent to England to represent an isolationist group of papers in the Middle West. They explained their brand of view to him at considerable length. "We in the U.S.A. are glad to be making war for you," they said, "but don't look as if you battle-fighting Americans are pacific folk, we aren't fighters by nature. We shall do much better for you by just supplying you with munitions. You couldn't make Americans into soldiers."

Talking late over dinner they missed the same shock news of the attack on Pearl Harbor, and my friend went to bed before the midnight news.

He came down to breakfast next morning to find that the four young reporters who had missed the midnight news, had thereafter spent the entire night telephoning through to the American Embassy to implore them for immediate news so that they might go home at once and join up. —Pulse and Tide, England.

Words of Wisdom

Lincoln knew people. He knew how to influence them to think his way. He was a master salesman of his ideas and policies, and no man has had greater auto-consciousness to overcome than he. He was a master of oratory, both through the spoken and the written word.

What were Lincoln's secrets of selling? Let's let him tell us: "If you would, with a man to your cause," he said on one occasion, "few men have that you are his true friend. There is a drop of honey which will catch his heart—and which, say what you will, is the greatest help to his reason—and when once asked, you will have little trouble in convincing his judgment of the justice of your cause, if indeed that cause is really just."

Lincoln prepared himself for every interview—he studied the prospect. "I spend one-third of my time figuring out what I am going to say, and two-thirds of my time thinking what the other fellow is going to say."—The Friendly Adventurer, Birmingham & Prosser Company, U.S.A.



"We . . . our perrible shame, officer . . . you can't be too careful these times, you know!"

THE ESCAPE

Your work is on Axis men; some would be better than this. The spirited patrol over the plane and retired.

Private First-class Otto Englehardt felt thirsty. Not just an ordinary longing for a drink, but a burning lust for water, for anything liquid, for his throat was as dry as the desert that jeered remorselessly at him on all sides. Overshadowing his yearning for a drink was the fear of what would happen to him if he did not get one within the next couple of days. He did not have to guess, for he had seen men who had died of thirst, small parties on patrol who had been lost, only to be found too late. With tongues swollen and bellies distended they were not a pretty sight, and Otto certainly did not want to resemble them.

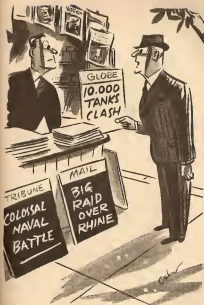
"Curse the luck," he mused, as he stumbled over the gibbers and small bushes that cover the desert like a malignant skin disease, "curse the luck, curse this flimsy Cynicism and curse the damned English."

Fancy sending his regiment, the crack panzer unit of the best army in Europe, into a deadly hole like this. Imagine sending beautiful tanks and first class soldiers into a desert. Well, that's what came of having the Dugos as allies. And he had had bad luck; there was no getting away from that; just a one tank patrol, more or less an exercise, and then to run over that damned land mine. God knows what it had been doing there all alone like that.

On the other hand he had been lucky; Gustav and Frederick were still in the tank, and as it had been on fire when he left it, they should almost certainly be well cooked by now. Lucky he'd been looking out of the turret top and had been thrown clear. Or was it lucky?

Otto began to experience panic. "Why were there no airplanes in the sky, why weren't they up looking for them? Maybe he should have stayed near the tank; that was a landmark and could be seen much more easily than a lone man. He'd been a fool, lost his head. But no, they'd come, they'd find him. There was no doubt about the Fatherland, it had the best airmen in the world, wonderful pilots. Yes, they'd find him easy enough, nothing to worry about. God, what a tale he'd have to tell in the mess, Otto Englehardt, the one man patrol!" Otto chuckled to himself and forgot his panic.

Noon changed to late afternoon and the sun was getting bigger and redder as it neared the rim of the horizon. Otto felt lonely as his shadow lengthened, for it seemed to remind him that he was the only thing for miles around, alive or dead, that possessed a shadow. He debated with himself as to whether he should spend the night trying to snatch some sleep or whether it would not be better to push on. Too cold for sleep, so he'd go on; hungry though, fumes



"Active Stories, please."

how the belly always lets you know when its time for the evening meal.

He found the night much kinder than the day, withal it was bitterly cold. "Sooner have the cold than that cursed heat though; heat, God how he lashed heat. Perspiration, vermin and dirt. Only fit for Arabs, this stinking hole. Or Dagoes. Fancy the English wanting to fight in a stinking place like this, but then the English were renowned for being unintelligent."

It was a peaceful night, almost too quiet, as moonless nights in Africa usually are. Sky dead black and the stars fairly blazing down and very faintly outlining the horizon.

Once, during the night, he heard gunfire a long way off, and once he thought he heard aero engines, but it may have been imagination.

The dawn broke cold, cloudless and majestic, and Otto decided to have a rest before the heat of the day made itself manifest. He was very tired but he dared not sleep, so he lay on his belly and munched a few leaves of saltbush. Not too much though, only make it worse later on.

When his tired limbs felt a little relieved he scrambled to his feet and struck out again. Must have covered a few miles now. He wished that he had a compass, but had confidence in his sense of direction. If only he could hit the coast.

The sun rose swiftly into the cloudless sky and its rays began to search the desert again. "Hallo, what was that over there? Was

it a plane, or was it a mirage?" He pushed on hopefully towards it and sure enough it was a plane. When he drew closer he saw that it was wrecked, resting on its undercarriage, and that it bore Italian markings.

"At any rate," he thought, "there may be food in it." A volume, disturbed by his presence, flipped heavily upwards, and he caught the smell of decaying flesh. "Poor damned Dago. My God he's high; must have been here some time." He clambered up and looked down into the cramped cockpit and gazed at what he saw there. But there was food, two small tins of beef and a sealed packet of biscuits, some of which he devoured hungrily before proceeding with his search. There was a water cistern too, but that was empty and he cursed as he flung it to one side.

"Petrol, yes, there'd be petrol. He'd fire the plane and someone would be bound to see it. Didn't matter much if it was the English; better he far to be a prisoner than to be like the poor devil inside."

He gashed a hole in the petrol tank and noticed with satisfaction that there was plenty left. With the aid of the empty beef tin he splashed what he could over the fabric and felt in his pocket for a match. "Damn it, he hadn't any matches."

For a minute his mind ran wild until he thought of his dead benefactor and found what he wanted in the pocket of his flying jacket. Striking one, he fired the plane and retired to a safe distance to watch the bonfire.

The silence of the desert was disturbed by the crackling of the flames, and the sound gave him back some of his lost confidence. "This will certainly fetch somebody," he grinned to himself. Life in a prison camp by the Nile would be easy to take after months of hell in the wastes of Libya.

"That was it, life in a prison camp for the duration of the war; no more parades, no more damned sweating and discipline. Peace for a year or two and return to Germany. Back to Cologne, see the Rhine again, back to Eda, his wife, and love. "The heat was making him delicious and his mind became a screen that reflected pictures of things that he had scarcely borne to think about since leaving Germany. Pictures of his favourite odes, of beer-gardens, nights at the opera house and the excitement of the sports arena. He relived holidays in the verdant valleys and craggy fastnesses of the upper Rhine. He saw his old friends again. God what tales he'd have to tell. He was a travelled man now, he had seen the outside world. His thoughts leapt like the flames of the burning plane and Otto Engelhardt forgot that he was in Cyrenaica, forgot that he was lost.

His mind a riot of delightful phantasy he did not notice two stealthy figures that crept noiselessly up behind him. It is doubtful whether he even felt pain as death claimed him, for Otto died very quickly and his murderers faded like ghosts into the vastness of the desert solitude whence they came.

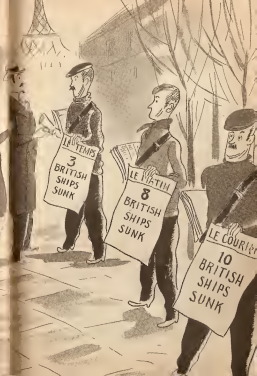
Lieutenant Forreth called his patrol to a halt and scanned the endless sand wastes through his binoculars. His eyes came to rest on what looked like a tank.

"Take a squirt, sergeant, do you make that a tank half left?" He handed the glasses to the sergeant who obediently examined the find and nodded agreement.

They moved up to the tank, cautiously at first, and then more boldly as its dilapidation became apparent. "Good show this, sergeant, must have run over one of our land mines and fired its petrol tank. Feel a bit sorry for the poor devils left inside. You'd better take a couple of men and see what's over that rise, some of them may be loose. We'll take a rest in the shade while you're gone, it's too good to waste."

The three weren't gone long and dropped into the shade with evident pleasure.

"Bit of a blinding stronghold of derelicts, this is, sir; there's a burnt out Dago fighter just over the rise, not two hundred yards away. The ashes are still warm, so it's not long since it stopped burning. But the queerest thing of the lot is the Jerry soldier lying near it. He's a punter boy, so I guess he's out of the tank and he looks to me as if he burnt the plane to fetch help. He got a too poor sod; the Senussi helped him. You never saw such a 'orrid sight, they've cut his throat as clean as a whistle. What beats me is why he didn't strifle out for the coast instead of 'anging about; he'd 'ave made it in two hours tramp.



AFTER VICTORY—WHAT?

PROFESSOR A. P. ELKIN

The Great War of 1914-18 was won by the British Empire and its Allies. This fact, however, did not save them from the financial depression which followed in its train. Australia suffered with the rest. Whatever were the causes, those in more fortunate circumstances, who witnessed the sorrows and struggles of families which tried to live independently of the state, and the "moral" decline of many men who were on it, realize now that we let human beings become mere pawns in a financial game, instead of making the financial system serve the welfare of the country and its men and women.

Let us remember: the depression was not just financial; it was human. And the men and women concerned have not forgotten the contrast between their unsatisfied needs of eight or ten years ago—useful prospects of work and adequate pay—and the satisfaction now of comparatively unlimited national needs.

It can be done in 1942; why couldn't it be done then? Perhaps, after all, the cause of this inequality was human and not financial! A matter of will, not of circumstances.

This is the way many are thinking to-day—the many who were scared and embittered by their experience. Here is a labourer speaking: "We'll fight this war, and pay our taxes, but we are

not going to turn round and starve after it, like after the last war. Great Britain sent Otto Niemeyer out to make us pay our debts, and we shouldn't have paid anything. That is what causes so many not to play their part in the war. Men were ground down, spun upon to see if they went to the pictures on their date money, and made to starve. The population slipped because there was not enough income to rear them on."

The Liberty Loan—and a Depression.

Nothing is more disheartening than the widespread opinion that a depression must come after this war—and, according to some, will be much worse than the last.

The belief was one cause of the lag in subscriptions to the Second Liberty Loan.

Workers, earning high wages, incidentally much higher than ever previously, were said not to be responding according to their ability.

An analysis of their opinions revealed such reasons as the following:

(1) A great number of them were not used to saving, for the simple reason they had not been in a position to save;

(2) When they began to receive regular and good wages, they spent all, either to have a good time while they could, or to



Tell me you to meet Henry Mother . . . he tells vacuum cleaners."

purchase clothes and furniture which hitherto they had been unable to do;

(3) Numbers of them, having been on mere existence wages or dole until the war started "didn't feel like paying for the houses' war."

(4) Some saw what they can against the bad times which probably lie ahead, and not being investment-minded—how could they be!—poised the Savings Bank to War Loan Bonds.

All these reasons, however, arise from the bitter memories of the last depression, and from fears of another one somewhere around a corner in the future. Individual reactions differ, but the main fact is clear—fear of a "depression," fear of misadventure. A Liberty Loan—for whose Liberty? And what Liberty?

Put yourself in the place of those who were beset in spirit and in character by the financial depression—a depression which they think will come again—and you will understand something of their cynicism and apathy.

Can We Avoid a Depression?

A few months ago with the help of collaborators I analysed the opinions of a number of people of all types and ages, regarding this very practical question: "Can we avoid a depression after the war?"

Less than 1 per cent. said definitely that we would do so. About 13 per cent. felt that the problem was beyond them, and the rest, whether their opinions implied a possibility of avoiding this catastrophe or not, were obviously influenced by memories of the last depression and by their ideas of

the usual aftermath of war, the huge debts being piled up, lessened implications, the difficulties of adjusting or modifying our financial system, the inclinations of wicked men and the frequent lack of courage on the part of Governments.

Control of Finance From Above

Thus, 47 per cent. said it would be possible for us to avoid the depression, or, at least, to ward off some of its worst features, on certain conditions.

For example, according to a third or more of this group, we must change our banking and financial system, the Government taking full control of the "financial machine" or even nationalising banks and industry, using national credit when and where required, controlling prices in "dangerous periods," and cancelling or paying off war debts.

Some of them, regarding depression as artificial, argue that depression-makers, that is, those who control credit, should be controlled. So it is not surprising to find that some see the only safeguard in a form of socialism and the abolition of the profit motive from industry.

Planning

Another third, however, think we might avoid the depression if we commence planning wisely at once to meet the conditions and solve the problems which the coming of peace will bring in the economic and social field.

They believe that planning and supervision of production, labour and prices, together with the development of new industries and further development of those we



"Yes? Yes? Let me think now . . . No, I'm sorry. Modern . . . I've never heard of it!"

already possess, and the undertaking of various public works which are still necessary, will meet the situation.

In other words, they represent those who prefer, or put their faith in, a planned democracy as distinct from a socialist order. But some of these recommend that the workers be given more control in production than is at present the case.

The rest of those who see some hope of avoiding or defeating a depression rely on good leadership and a spirit of co-operation working for the common welfare in an all-out effort, together with certain palliatives to tide people over the worst effects of the crisis, as the provision of a small pension to every family.

Depression Inevitable

So much for the 47% who think it possible to avoid a depression after the war. It should be noted, however, that it is not a probability, but only a possibility contingent on foresight, effort and courage, and the adoption of one or more alternative plans about which there is not, and may not be, agreement.

The difficulties associated with this, were no doubt in the minds of the 40% of the total panel of opinions, who maintained that this disaster could not, or would not be avoided.

To most of these, the difficulties associated with the return to peacetime production and trade, and arising from the war debts, left no escape from a depression.

As a result, a note of pessimism was evident. This was expressed in one man as follows: "We can-

not avoid complete chaos. It will be only through suffering and by realising our stupid selfishness that we will finally pull through, and that won't be in my time."

Some think that with an economic and social system different from our own, we would come through unscathed; but they feel that "we are inefficient and unable to replace our worn-out social and financial ideas, that the money folk don't care, and that our Governments are not strong enough to do the right thing."

Depression—Strife

This pessimism is evident also in the view expressed by 13% of the panel, most of whom thought it should be possible to avoid a depression.

It was to the effect that unless we were successful in this, we would be faced with something in the nature of a revolution—that the workers would not put up with a return to the conditions of 1932, nor indeed would the returned soldiers; that if the common level is not raised by a strong Government, "that level would be raised through a revolution"; and that "there would be a strong movement from the left followed by drastic contrary measures from the right."

As against this, a number feel that not even the mass of Australian workers, let alone the so-called middle class, would cause more than some unrest. We are not of the stuff of revolutionaries.

This, however, does not affect the fact that workers and artisans are concerned about the depression which they think, and many others glibly say, lies ahead. And



"I assure you, now, the Admiral is not at sea. No, no, no. I don't expect 'im back for some time."

when they do, they also think of compelling leaders to avoid it, of changing the economic order, of Russia and of revolution.

Is There Hope?

It is obvious that we must avoid the depression, and plan at once to do so. The motive is not only that suffering, frustration and bitterness and possible revolution be avoided, but also that we give Australians as a whole something worth fighting for.

But are we brave enough to plan, to change our way of life, to bear burdens for our fellows if need be, and to experiment?

Well, there is some hope. More and more, in many walks of life, including the sound core of the

business and professional world, men are becoming more socially minded, and less profit-minded. They are becoming willing to find success and advancement in service and happiness, and not in "adding to one's barns."

Let us feed the flame of that moral change, for a social transformation can only be made stable and life-giving in so far as it is the expression of a great moral conviction. The new order, whatever be its form and framework, will only be new, if we have become new—in our attitude to our fellows, to our work, to those who govern, and to those whom the elected govern. Given that newness there will be no depression.



This Is Religion!

Get religion like a Methodist, experience it like a Baptist, be sure of it like a Theist, stick to it like a Lutheran, pay for it like a Presbyterian, contemplate it like a Congregationalist, glorify it like a Jew, be pious of it like an Episcopalian, guess it like a Christian Scientist, propagate it like a Roman Catholic, work for it like a Salvation Army leader, and enjoy it like a colored man—
—Dr. Edgar Duffin Jones, Detroit Pastor on War Day, the Salvation Army Green

Man's Eleven Ages

(1) Milk (2) Milk and bread (3) Milk, bread, eggs and spinach (4) Canned, bread and butter, green apples and all-day suckers (5) Ice cream soda and hot dogs (6) Minnie steak, fried potatoes, coffee, and apple pie (7) Barbecue, roast duck, scalloped potatoes, creamed broccoli, fried wheat, shrimp, lettuce, and tomatoes (8) Dole de bois, green, winter squash, potatoes, potatoes, egg plant, a Papaya, dearest, and Roquefort cheese (9) Two salt-soaked eggs, toast, and milk (10) Cereals and milk (11) Milk—Florida Medical Journal, U.S.A.



"... and tomorrow, I will go to Tart." said Scrooge. "The tomorrow is another day..."

Java's Great Sacrifice

In one day the work of years and several centuries of installations were voluntarily blasted to pieces.

This tragic story of the destruction of Palembang by the same men who had built it with the sacrifice of many years of toil, was told in Batavia on February 17 by a refugee employee of a Palembang oil company.

"On Saturday, February 14th, Palembang had its sixth actual bombing. In this raid—as in all previous ones—the Japanese carefully, and understandably, avoided dropping their bombs on the oil installations where work had continued normally. During this sixth attack, however, it was noticed that the Japanese were dropping parachutists who came down in three groups; one in the marshes behind the oil refinery, the second on the Palembang airport, and the last in the suburbs.

"Immediately the fight against these parachutists began; it was a very bitter one, and lasted until late in the day, when most of the Japanese had been killed.

"That night the order was given to destroy the oil installations and all equipment as Japanese transports had arrived in the estuary of the Musi river, which leads to Palembang proper. Promptly and effectively the scorched earth orders were carried out, although these operations often were the target of heavy machine-gun fire.

"One demolition squad smashed everything that could be thus de-

stroyed, while another emptied the boilers and kindled fires under them. A third group set the turbines running and threw sand into them.

"Oil was allowed to flow from the tanks; then the incendiary bombs were set off. One of the main electrical detonation points was near the refinery, and could not be reached because of fierce enemy shelling. The other main detonation point had been put out of order by several days of heavy rainfall. However, the emergency system worked, justifying the thoroughness of the preparations. Immediately enormous flames leaped high into the air. The fire became so fierce that the Dutch even on the far side of the Musi river—half a mile wide at this point—were barely able to endure the heat.

"Tanks and Diesel motors blew to pieces and the beautiful Palembang region became one great ruin. The 90-mile-long pipeline to the oilfield at Pendopo was among the equipment destroyed. Everything had been destroyed, as far as the Dutch knew, but to make sure, troops fired mortar shells into the various oil properties. The informant said that the size of the fire was beyond comprehension and that the changes of exploding dynamite could be heard many miles away.

"Nearly a billion guilders worth

(about £140 million) in workshops, installments, rubber works, warehouses, business offices, social halls, radio station, telephone station, printing works and residences were thus destroyed. The destruction of the Palembang oil fields was undoubtedly the largest voluntary sacrifice in the history of the world, with the sole exception of the demolition of the Dneprostroy Dam by the Russians.

"During these events the inhabitants of Palembang"—said the informant—"had behaved with singular cold-bloodedness. They were ordered to leave the town on Sunday morning, February 15, when large scale Japanese landings had begun, and it was foreseen that the fight would soon reach the centre of the town. Most of the evictees boarded ferry boats to cross the Musi river; they were not attacked, although Japanese fighters appeared repeatedly over the stream.

"The refugees proceeded by train to the Sunda Straits whence they crossed over to Java. Among them was a number of wounded soldiers."

The method by which the oil installations around Palembang could be so quickly and utterly destroyed involved the placing of incendiary bombs as long as a year and a half ago. At twenty-two different places among the oil tanks such bombs had been planted, equipped with two main and one emergency detonators.

The Palembang oil well produced more than four million tons per year. All this is lost for the time being—but these sources have also been made inaccessible to the enemy, as were those at Tarakan, Balikpapan and other oil regions fallen into Japanese hands. All that is left is the relatively low grade fuel supplied by the fields of Java.



The Soft Answer . . !

A Democrat sat in the front row at a campaign meeting in Maine and kept me looking speaker Reed of the Republican party throughout his talk. It was clear he was trying to make Reed lose his temper, but Reed was too wise for that and kept on replying to him courteously. Finally the heckler himself lost his temper and yelled "Aw, go to hell!" Reed answered with unflinching politeness, "I have traveled in many parts of Maine and have spoken at many meetings but this is the first time I have ever resorted on invitation to the Democratic headquarters."

—Jennett, U.S.A.

No man can be happy without a friend nor be safe of his friend till he is unloved.—Duke of Argyll

A city business proposition was ruled to be legal. The owner of the business is stated to have been extremely satisfied.

Duke of Argyll



This we have . . .

This WE WILL HOLD!



Japan's Real War Potential

A. MARSHALL DISTON

*They can't lose it so... was the pacifist thought about
Japan's fading power. The article shatters the illusion.*

When shall we stop underestimating Japan? We still think of her war economy as top-heavy. She has won spectacular successes, but her industrial resources are insufficient for a long war. Unit for unit, her ships and planes, tanks and guns are inferior to those of the United Nations. She cannot make good her losses as we can replace ours. So it is only a matter of time before her war machine collapses.

That, not unfairly, summarizes the view of the majority of people in allied countries. How far does it fit the facts.

Japan has been planning and preparing for this war for more than ten years. Before Manchuria, Japan had flooded the East with cut-price textiles. After Manchuria she was getting ready to over-run it with guns and planes and bayonets. Textiles dropped to second place in the production tables. In 1933, the heavy industries already accounted for 36.9 per cent. of total production as against 37 per cent. textiles. By 1938, the figures were 55.7 per cent. heavy industries, 24.8 per cent. textiles.

There were 400,000,000 tons of iron ore in Manchuria and 5,000,000,000 tons of coal, in addition to valuable copper mines, deposits

of lead, manganese and other natural resources. Japan built blast furnaces beside the ore deposits, and from then on the development of armaments production in Manchuria has kept pace with that in the Japanese islands themselves.

It would be wise not to underestimate Japanese industrial capacity. To expect Japan to collapse from economic weakness in the near future is dangerous "wishful thinking."

Some years ago, Miss Freda Utley estimated that for "a real war," Japan would, "at the lowest possible estimate, require 5,000,000 tons of steel during the first year of war." She considered that the 1935 output of 4,400,000 tons represented Japan's "utmost effort." But by 1938 it was 5,250,000, and now it is probably nearly 7,000,000.

No doubt that looks like "chicken-feed" compared with the steel capacity of the United Nations. But there is steel and steel.

When William Bate, of the American O.P.M. (Office of Production Management) went to Russia with the American Mission, one of the things the Russians asked for was a few thousand tons of a certain type of steel. Bate had to confess that there



"It's frightfully embarrassing . . . I really don't know which is the correct fork!"

wasn't that much in the whole of the United States.

"But you have an enormous steel capacity—85,000,000 tons," said Mikoyan, the Soviet Vice-Premier.

"That's true," said Bott, then explained, "but our capacity is highly specialized for peace purposes. We still do not have large quantities of many war steels."

Japan's steel industry has been planned with one object—war.

Both in Japan itself, and in Manchuria, there are many large, well-equipped modern munition works. But their numbers are not sufficient to supply all that the Army, Navy and Air Force require. The production of more parts and components is farmed out to small village factories, employing on an average less than thirty workers each. These factories do not possess modern machinery or high-precision tools, nor do they employ highly-skilled workmen. The result is that their output is often of inferior quality. A large number of flying accidents were due to inferior aeroplane parts made in these small factories.

Since 1938, however, the entire aircraft industry has been reorganized. True, even the output of the new factories is, by British standards, of inferior quality. But it is only in the last year or so that we have been able to combine mass production with high quality of aircraft. We can send only a small part of our output to the Far East. And the Americans are still in the stage of transition from a peacetime to a war economy.

That is why, up to now, the technical superiority of British and American aircraft has been a comparatively unimportant factor in the Pacific struggle.

How far can the Japanese make good war losses? It is sometimes suggested that they cannot replace aircraft lost in action while we can, and that thus air superiority in the Pacific may pass to the Americans and ourselves by a mere process of attrition.

I am afraid that this again is wishful thinking. Between 1933 and 1936, the output of aircraft in Japan increased from 2,149 planes to 3,060, and from 3,900 engines to 5,850. Figures for later years are not available, but Major Tominaga, of the Tokio War Ministry, said in September, 1941, that Japan's output of aircraft was "ten times what it had been four years previously."

That may be an exaggerated statement—even on the 1936 figure it would give over thirty thousand planes annually—but, in a country organizing for war, we are safe to assume that the increase in output of planes and aero-engines at least kept pace with that of machinery and machine tools—over two hundred per cent between 1936 and 1938. On this basis, plane production in 1941 was probably between 12,000 and 14,000, and may have been considerably higher. Yet estimates of Japanese aircraft output usually give a monthly figure of between 250 and 400.

Such a figure is aburdly low, and cannot be defended even on grounds of raw material shortage. In 1941, Japan imported enough



"At this rate, B.B. I reckon we'll have a full track by 1942!"

aluminium and bauxite, from which aluminium is obtained, to make fourteen thousand planes and leave an ample margin for all other uses. She also has bauxite deposits in the Palau Islands, alomite in Korea, and has now seized the rich bauxite resources of the Netherlands East Indies.

On the whole, the economic and

industrial organisation behind the Japanese forces seems to be much more formidable than was formerly believed. And if Japan is given time to exploit her gains in Malaya, Thailand, the Netherlands East Indies, and elsewhere, it will become more formidable still.

—Everybody's Weekly, London.



The Whitehall Way

It is understood that it is occasionally possible to induce a horse to approach water, whether stable or flowing, and there is no objection in principle to this procedure being adopted.

It is pointed out, however, that such tractability on the part of the animal is not necessarily associated with an inclination to drink its thirst, and it must be recognised that, in the event of any reluctance to do so being manifested, no efforts to bring about a reconsideration of this attitude are likely to be rewarded with success.

It is desired by the Meteorological Department of H.M. Air Ministry to draw attention to the fact that all forms of atmospheric vapours have been observed to have an upper station of vapouring apparatus.

Attention is drawn to the undesirability of the overlapping of functions in the purview of liquid concentrations in colouring establishments. It has been established that in cases of reduction the ensuing executives a deduction in nutritional value and palatability has resulted.

An abnormal density of timber is unfavourable to the visibility of an affected area.

Provided one gives the dearest courtesy to the disengagement of some of money of the Korean demoralisation, one can with considerable assistance leave the wider terms of expenditure to under provision for themselves so far as economy is concerned.

In the considered view of his Majesty's Government everything may be deemed to be entirely satisfactory and reaches a beneficial conclusion through the attainment of its ultimate goal at the institution of the journey.

—Telegraph, London.

There's More of Us

In their war with the Yugoslav Croats, the Nazis are meeting stiffest resistance among the several hundred thousand pro-Balkan Montenegro. A Serbian rebel officer, upon meeting a leading rebel officer, "How many of you are there, trying to resist the entire German army?" "How many of you are there, trying to resist the entire German army?" "No," replied the Montenegrin, "we and the Germans number 150 million."—Hard ground.

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1930

In a Moment of Madness

SHELLTON

How I have set down what goes on in my mind. After reading it you may doubt that I have a mind.

All writers and journalists are mad; they have to be to qualify as such. I'm mad, Hitler's mad, we're all mad... writers and journalists.

To verify this statement, let me tell you this yarn.

I was walking along a notorious Little Street in a certain Southern City and perchance, glanced into a passing shop window.

(Did I say "passing shop window"?—or was I peering? I don't know—maybe I should have peered long ago).

Anyway, there was a typewriter in this window, and being a masher of this sort of machine, I stopped to have a look at it. Just out of curiosity, y'understand; as offence meant.

... and then I stared, with pardonable amazement; it was actually typing by itself.

I wasn't drunk, so help me Bob I wasn't. I could walk any line two yards wide. Often proved it at the police station of a Saturday night.

So in I walked and up to the counter, rang the bell. Presently, a rusty, mouldy, filthy, greasy, despicable and thoroughly nose-wrenching *adour* stared in through the back door of the

shop. In the middle of this *adour* was an old man.

I came up for air.

"I want to see the typewriter in the window," I gasped and thrust my head out the door.

After a while, I heard a dull sort of thud on the counter and felt the old man tapping on my coat. I gulped down air and allowed him to drag me in.

The machine was still at it; the room was scattered with reams of *quarto*.

I smirked at the old man: "It's original, isn't it?" I said.

He snapped: "No it ain't; it's five pounds."

Now, one of us must have been drinking—and I'm no liar.

Getting on with the story:—I turned the thing around a few times, decided that it was a bit dilapidated and said so. And then, in retaliation, the blasted contraption set up on its hind legs and spat in my eye.

Or was it the old man? I don't know.

Eventually, I paid four pounds for it and carried it away. Going home, the trail of paper it poured out made me a mark for everyone. A pack of paper-chasers colored me, a street sweeper cleared

Feeling a bit off colour?



Autointoxication (self-poisoning) is the commonest cause of ill health. So much so that it has been called the "mother of disease."

There is a simple daily health-recipe that removes any risk of internal stagnation—the little pinch of Kruschen Salts, taken first thing in the morning. Doctors approve and often prescribe this time-tested remedy, because they know it is a safe corrective for a common disorder.

The gentle cleansing tonic action of Kruschen is an effective safeguard against rheumatism, backache, sciatica and headaches caused by an imperfectly functioning system.



Take a pinch of Kruschen every morning in a large glass of hot water or a cup of tea.

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KRUSCHEN

The TONIC Salts

KEEP MILLIONS OF PEOPLE FIT

me over the head by making such a helluva noise, and the police wanted to jail me for printing pamphlets contrary to law.

Up to this time, I hadn't had the stomach to read any of the machine's vomitings. Seems, however, that the latest edition it was printing ran such headlines as "Sydney bombed — Government resigned — Curtin teaching Tojo surfing at Bondi."

Lies, Lies, Lies!

I got home—how, I don't know. Then I looked the thing in the wardrobe. In the middle of the night, the darn' thing burst the lock, climbed up on to the bed and war-danced on my belly.

I tried to explain to my wife the reason for my anguish, but she couldn't see anything, reckoned I was a so-and-so fool, and kicked me out of bed.

I gathered the reason for the commotion in my arms and spent the night in the woodshed reading with the aid of a hurricane lamp, the latest gossip concerning the women I had been out with.

The accused machine was even addressing envelopes to my wife, and that's where I put my foot down.

So in the morning I rang Goebls and sold the typewriter to him.

And it's still telling lies!



Faith

The story goes that General Mikoyan stopped at Jerusalem on his way to Moscow and there talked to a Rabbi about the war. The Rabbi held that the war might be won either by natural means or by a miracle. "And what are the natural means?" asked Mikoyan. "Since our cause is just," said the Rabbi, "it would be natural to expect the intervention of Providence on our side."

"Well," said Mikoyan, "if Providential intervention is the natural way of achieving victory, how would it be won by a miracle?"

"Clearly," said the Rabbi. "It would be miraculous if we won it by ourselves and without Divine intervention—Crime in New Providence and Mepkoko (Lombard)."

Too Vigilant

In Vancouver's latest sensation in a police prison our friend A. was packed far beyond the head butt, promptly slipped a ticket on the windshield. Next day the indifferent warden showed up at headquarters flourishing the ticket. If the police knew where he was well enough to ticket it, why hadn't they returned it to him eight hours earlier than they did—of the time shown on the ticket? The embarrassed warden discovered then that the car had been reported stolen many hours before he located it, and that he was carrying the license number with him when he turned it in for overhauling the parking issue—Marionne, Ontario.

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restore perfect vision, yourself, in your own home by EYE CULTURE'S simple, natural, harmless treatment. NO GLASSES, NO OPERATION, NO EYE DROPS, NO DRUGS! Just a

simple course of Eye Culture which is the application of the commonsense laws of Nature. It removes all congestion from the strained, weakened, eye muscles, then by simple exercise those muscles are strengthened until they function normally, and the eyes regain their natural sight, beauty and tone. But remember, EYE CULTURE IS MORE THAN MERELY EYE EXERCISES. No matter what your age—or what the condition of your eyes, Eye Culture can help you back to first-class sight without recourse to glasses. Eye Culture necessitates no operation, but little trouble, and no inconvenience. It can be carried out in your own home, office, or your

work-room as part of your daily routine, and without attracting the attention of other people. If you are already wearing glasses, Eye Culture can enable you to discard them. If you do not wear glasses, and you suffer from EYE STRAIN, HEADACHES, LONG SIGHT, SHORT SIGHT, TURNED EYES, ASTIGMATISM, RED, SORE OR TIRED EYES, SQUINT, GLARE, ETC., Eye Culture can help you.

We receive many letters like the following from people who have benefited by Eye Culture:

"I am a dramatist, and from the constant strain of sewing my eyes have been troubling me for the last five years.

"At times everything went misty in front of me, and rendered me almost blind for about half an hour, and when this passed off it left me feeling terribly ill. I visited a leading eye specialist in Brisbane, but was told that my eyes were so bad that nothing could be done, and that only by continually wearing glasses would I save myself from going blind so the sight of my left eye was so badly affected.

"To-day, after six months on Eye Culture, the glasses which had become such a necessity to me are completely discarded, and I now have perfect eyesight, and can sew and read for hours without any ill effects."

CONSULTATION AND ADVICE IS FREE

If you wish to be rid of glasses, even though you've worn them for years, or wish to prevent the necessity to wear glasses, call or write NOW, enclosing a 24. stamped envelope, describing your eye trouble, for our Booklet "Perfect Eyesight Without Glasses," to Eye Culture, No. 31 St. James Building, 109 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W., or to Eye Culture, No. 31 National Bank Chambers, 182 Queen Street, Brisbane (next Finney's).

(Advertisement)

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

JUNE 30: In the Middle East, General Sir Claude Auchinleck had taken personal command; Egypt's turtle Prime Minister Nuhus Pasha made whispered, ineffectual gestures of confidence. Germany was swinging into her offensive on the Russian front.

JULY 1: Axis forces still advanced into Egypt while Prime Minister Churchill, in London, insisted that the no-confidence debate be proceeded with.

JULY 2: The battle for El Alamein opened in a 35-mile bottleneck—a last, Allied stand. At any moment, said Churchill, "gravely important news" might be received. Germany claimed Sebastopol. In Russia: a great battle was developing around Kursk.

JULY 3: The Axis was being held in Egypt; in London, Sir John Wadlow—Milne's no-confidence vote was defeated, 475 to 25.

JULY 5: Almost unnoticed, Germany was getting her offensive well into its Russian stride, along a 150-mile front. Auchinleck still held in Egypt.

JULY 6: Britain's Eighth Army in Egypt was making small but gallant counter-blows against the weary enemy. In one attack around Kursk, the Germans were reported to have thrown in 1,000 tanks. According to Germany, the Don had been forced in several places.

JULY 7: Although exhausted, both sides were trying feebly to hit at each other in Egypt. Things were going badly for Russia where, despite stubborn resistance, the Germans continued their advance.

JULY 8: Both sides, in Egypt, were bee-hive building up their forces with reinforcements, setting up, digging in, preparing to renew the battle. At Kursk, the Germans had broken through, were believed to have crossed the Don.

JULY 9: There was little new from the Middle East; Allied patrols worried the Germans, German patrols worried the Allies. Along Russia's River Don fierce fighting was raging; the Red Army was withdrawing slowly—except from Voronej. In Britain, large-scale invasion exercises.

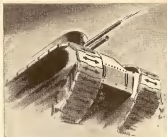
JULY 10: First place in the news went to Germany's drive on the Don River, where they had made a great thrust, were threatening the Moscow-Kastov railway. In Egypt, reinforcements were being brought up by both sides.

JULY 11: In Egypt, the A.I.F. was now in action, were already doing some damage. In Russia, Rostov had fallen, Voronej was holding.

JULY 12: Dominion troops had gained five Egyptian miles in Egypt, capturing Tel Elha. Germany's object in Russia seemed to be to split Russia's southern and central armies.

JULY 13: There seemed to be no holding the Germans in Russia—they were going ahead. Australian casualties had been very light in Egypt to date.

JULY 14: Russia's position was



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grave; her southern armies withdrew methodically before the Germans.

JULY 15: There was evidence that Germany's Russian advance was slowing slightly—possibly for strategic reasons.

JULY 16: Sealingrad and Rostov, two important Russian cities were threatened; Fuchrer Hitler seemed to be using nearly everything he had to get Caucasian oil. Egypt was comparatively quiet.

JULY 17: Throughout the Democracies, a howl was rising for quick help to Russia, for a second front. It was growing swiftly. In Egypt, a tank battle.

JULY 18: Around Voronej the Russians were starting a tentative counter-attack.

JULY 19: In last couple of days, the British had made some further gains in Egypt. The Russians were bombing Germany.

JULY 20: German forces were 40-odd miles from Rostov; Red forces had thrown the Germans out of one of their most important Don bridgeheads near Voronej.

JULY 21: By withdrawing, Russia had kept her armies intact; around Voronej they had taken the initiative. From Egypt: no great news.

JULY 22: The Germans were heavily attacking towards Rostov, Russians were still attacking from Voronej. There was more activity in Egypt—mostly naval and air.

JULY 23: The Germans were battering Rostov's defenses; the Jap was feeling his way south along the New Guinea coast, had landed troops at Buna.

JULY 24: All along the lower Don, the Red Army was withdrawing

under tremendous German pressure, yet keeping their line steady, unbroken, their armies intact. British air raids over Germany were increasing. All over the Democratic world cries for a second front in Europe were growing hoarsely louder.

JULY 27: There was no letup in Russia. The Red Army was striving desperately to stop a German breakthrough. It seemed as though the Russo-German crisis was high, that nothing except a miracle could save the Soviet.

JULY 28: The Russians were fighting grimly to stem the German breakthrough at Tymianskaya, 120 miles from Rostov. The Red Army was fighting to the death in the streets of battered Rostov. Hamburg was again heavily attacked by R.A.F. In Egypt, Rommel was digging-in, awaiting reinforcements.

JULY 29: Berlin claimed capture of Kalach. Timoshenko was counter-attacking on the southern bank of the Don. Russians admitted fall of Rostov and Novochemsk. Severe fighting took place on Egyptian front. Imperial troops gained some ground, took prisoners. Allied forces clashed with Japanese paratroops from Gona.

JULY 30: Germans were making steady progress towards the Caucasus. Japanese patrols were driven back by Allied troops near Kokoda. Allied aircraft attacked Gona, probably destroyed a Japanese destroyer.

JULY 31: In Russia the position was grave. German forces had crossed the lower Don. The Red Army was heavily counter-attacking. R.A.F. raided Saarbrücken, caused heavy damage.

Guard the loveliness of your smile

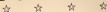


Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly, but, with massage, to help the gums to health. So every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana on to your gums.

SEE YOUR DENTIST at least twice a year to enable him to discover and check any unsuspected dental defects.

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• • • DICTATOR'S OPERA

Charlie Chaplin is, without a doubt, our greatest entertainer. A visitor to Chaplin's Beverly hill-top home is usually treated to a one-man show that lasts for hours. One evening Konrad Benecio and his daughter were Chaplin's guests. Chaplin was in good mood, and started to give imitations. He imitated writers, actors, political figures, his Jap. servant, every one. Then he took Benecio and his daughter to dinner.

It was past midnight when the three left the restaurant. Chaplin was still imitating people. Suddenly, on the street, while his car pulled up to the curb, he sang at the top of his voice an aria from an Italian opera. He sang it superbly.

"Why, Charlie," Benecio's daughter exclaimed, "I never knew you could sing so beautifully."

"I can't sing at all," Chaplin answered. "I was just imitating Caruso."

—*Liberty, U.S.A.*

• • • BLITZ HOME

Britain's latest answer to war from the sky is a small, sturdy "blitz home" introduced a few weeks ago in Coventry. The first to be completed was formally opened by the Mayor, Councillor A. R. Grundley.

Coventry Corporation's experiment of building houses in which timber is used only for the doors

is attracting wide attention.

Four hundred of these houses are being built. Every room is a virtual air raid shelter. A specially reinforced steel pantry, provided with bunka, forms the shelter proper.

Built to be proof against anything but a direct hit, the houses have already stood up to blast from a bomb exploded nearby.

Labor-saving has been the prime requisite in their construction. They have nine-inch concrete flat roofs, tiled floors, steel frames for doors and windows, concrete stair-cases and specially designed bricks which eliminate the use of laths for holding plaster to walls and ceilings.

Steel replaces tile in the fireplace, one of which has a boiler at the back to provide hot water. Outside is a detached building to serve as a small car garage.

The rent of a three-bedroom house would be 25/- and of a bungalow £1 a week.

—*Bulletin from Britain.*

• • • CORONA ADAMA

When the advance stalls of a picture came through, there was one showing Jack Oakie smoking by a cigar container on which the box was prominently displayed. An enterprising publicity man hopped on that as a natural tie-up, and arranged for nationwide publicity with a well-known cigar

Now made in Australia

VITALIS

THE TONIC FOR SCALP AND HAIR

America adopted Vitalis in a big way. Now it is made in Australia.

Vitalis and massage for

- ... Checking loose dandruff.
- ... Preventing dryness.
- ... Helping to retard thinning hair.



Just apply Vitalis to your scalp with a light massage. As circulation is speeded, your scalp loses its tightness. Loose dandruff is rubbed away, help to prevent excessive itching hair, for the pure vegetable oils in Vitalis supplement the natural oils of the scalp.

Obtainable at all Chemists

PRODUCT OF
LIGALCO SYSTEM
CO. INC. LTD.
SYDNEY



DON'T ARGUE EAT PINEAPPLE PORK SAUSAGES

GLORIOUS FLAVOR. REMARKABLE QUALITY.

*Vital**
*—urgent**
*—imperative**

EQUIPMENT is needed NOW. The more you save, the quicker you save the more the value of your effort.

Intelligence won't win the war—let us go a long way towards losing it! Only by economy can the defense of Australia be secured, and eventual victory won.

MAKE EVERY DAY A
NATIONAL THRIFT
DAY.

BUY

WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

HOLD ALL YOU HAVE—
BUY ALL YOU CAN!

company, which was to use the still picture as a flashy advertising display. After all, how were they to know that when the sequence turned up on the screen it would have Jack start to smoke the cigar and then throw it away with the comment, "This cigar stinks!"
—Roly Young, *Globe and Mail* Canada.

• • • DRASTIC COMPLIMENT

PIERRE Laval, whose popularity among the French people leaves much to be desired, decided to find out for himself just what they thought of him. Heavily disguised, he entered a tavern and sat down at the bar.

"How is everything?" he asked the bartender.

"Bad," was the frank answer. "By the way, what do you think of Laval?"

The bartender looked around curiously. "I don't like such questions. You know with the Gestapo and police all around . . ."

"I won't tell anyone," the customer insisted.

"Yes, but if any of my customers overheard us I would be ruined."

"You can trust me. I swear I won't say a word."

The bartender hesitated, then leaned forward, whispering, "To be truthful, I rather like him."

Reprinted

• • • EXOT

Not being fit for military service a little man tried for a job as a striker in a blacksmith's shop.

After looking him over, the smith picked up the biggest hammer and threw it out of the window, saying: "If you can do this



When you sip your tea from a Crown glass cup, you are rendering more than "lip" service to the Commonwealth. Crown glass cups and saucers are made in Australia by your fellow-Australians. But—quite apart from patriotism—it is fashionable to use these artistically designed, beautifully clear cups. They give a new and fascinating atmosphere to your tea or breakfast table. And you know, of course, that glass tableware outlasts good china, and doesn't chip or crack so easily. You can buy them at any store where glass is sold.



Crown

CUPS • SAUCERS • PLATES

Made by the Distributors of Apex Price Ware . . . Crown Crystal Glass Pty. Ltd.

you can start to work."

The little man picked up the sword and threw it after the hammer saying: "O.K., are we working outside?"—Quote

• • • A TRUE SWITCH GIRL

Cohen and Goldman, partners in ten-percentage, were discouraged with the world and with business. One morning Cohen announced he was going to change his name. "From now on, I'm McCarthy." That night Goldman thought it over. Why should he have the Jewish name in the firm? He would change his, too. "I'm going to call myself McCarthy?" They instructed the telephone girl to sing-song "McCarthy and McCarthy." All moved smoothly until a voice demanded to speak to Mr. McCarthy. "Which McCarthy do you want?" she asked. "Cohen or Goldman?"

—The Advocate, Canada.

• • • RAIL PRODUCTS

Canadian National Railway reports the discovery of huge mercury deposits in the Pinchi Lake area of British Columbia—the claim is that there is sufficient mercury to provide all the Dominion's needs . . .

Financial World

• • • THINKING THE PURSE

The American public uselessly spends over four million dollars annually for garments and gadgets which are alleged to reduce fat—Everybody's Health.

Leonard Lyons.

• • • SOVIET COINING

Typical example of Soviet foresight is that Soviet shells and guns are grooved a fractionally larger

size than the German, and both would have to be captured for use against themselves, while Soviet can use Nazi shells in Russian guns.

John Bull.

• • • FLYING

When German submarines torpedoed a British bound freighter some months ago, one of the items of cargo lost was a few tons of a special grade of steel wire used to make ball bearings. The wire was to have made bearings for British tanks. When the loss came to light, only four days remained before the English bearing manufacturer had to have the steel in order that the bearings would be available on the assembly line where the tanks were being produced. English steel mills were busy and couldn't produce the steel in time.

The American steel maker met the job this way: After a series of transatlantic and American phone calls, the steel ingots were made one morning in an electric furnace in the mid-west and rolled to wire rods. The rods were shipped overnight by a specially chartered express truck to a wire drawing company in New England, drawn into wire and then coiled by a second special truck to another manufacturing plant in New England where the wire was heat-treated to specification. As a result of close teamwork among executives and wage earners in the steel industry, the shipment left the United States by airplane in time to be delivered on schedule to the English bearing manufacturer—Steel for Victory, U.S.A.



CALTEX A.R.P.

SUPPLEMENT . . .

BEING prepared for what may come is the responsibility of all of us.

The challenge of war is the challenge to prove we are united . . . First must be given by being individually prepared . . . by production . . . by saving money . . . and finally through superiority in all the means of armed combat.

In anticipation of needs on the home front we Caltex take precautions now to insure the flow of oil. We are not concerned at a problem in petrol and serve life. Our main on the battle line are dependent on us. We are all dependent on each other . . . some of us now do more than others. But we all have to do something about it. Time lost is lost forever.

We, as an organization, are sharing our real resources and experience in keeping up supplies to the fighting forces and the industrial front.

CALTEX LIMITED

SHOCK!

Complex problem—Why shock is baffling—Folk facts, what they mean, what to do—Cause and effect.

Broadly speaking, the first-aid in air raids is going to face three big problems. The first of these, bleeding from cuts and wounds, has already been dealt with (June issue). The other big problems are shock and broken bones.

Shock is a baffler. There is nothing obviously wrong (unless the shock is complicated by bleeding, etc.), except that the patient is very pale or flushed according to the nature of the blow, breathing lightly.

So, as there is no outward and visible trouble which can be immediately recognized and taken in hand, the first-aid must make his own straight diagnosis of the case.

Presuming that the patient is inert when the first-aid arrives, the first test is to see that he is alive.

Then, knowing him to be alive and the victim of shock, other observations may be made that will guide first treatment.

Very often the shock patient will be extremely pale in the face. That is a sign that the blood has drained from the head, and the body should be disposed so that its position helps the heart pump the blood back.

Hence the shock rule: When patients are pale in the face, lower the head and raise the feet. The patient should be laid on his back while this is done, and the head turned on one side. If the patient is on a bed the best method of adjusting these levels is to raise the foot of the bed.

Pallid faces in shock patients may be caused by—(1) Constriction of the brain, or stunning. A fall, a blow,



something falling on the patient's head, or even dropping from a height may be the cause.

The unconsciousness may last for only a short time, or may deepen into a coma. In either case there is a risk that the patient suffers internal head injuries; he should, therefore, without exception, be seen by a doctor. Rest in bed for some hours is a very wise precaution.

(2) Shock, fainting, or collapse, differ from each other only in degree. Their causes are:

Physical injury in the region of the abdomen, extensive wounds and lacerations, fractured wounds, severe crush or hemorrhage.

Moral fright, strangulation of injury, sudden bad news, or sometimes sudden removal of fear and anxiety.

Constitutional weakness, such as heart, which may be aggravated by tight clothing, fatigue, want of food, or being in a close, crowded room.

Poisoning from alcohol or other more direct forms of poison.

There are special applications to air raid conditions here, you will see at once that unconscious is most likely to be found in an accident, or while a trapped person is trying to effect an escape. Fainting also is likely to come either when a person is badly injured—but may also be found among crowd people who are really unharmed but frightened by explosion; weak-hearted people may faint in a shelter, where the air has become close.

SPECIAL TREATMENT . . .

In the group of cases outlined above,



all of which are marked by the pale face, there are some special lines of treatment to be noticed.

First, naturally, means attempts to stop injuries which have complicated the shock.

There must be no direct pressure on the heart due to tight clothing about the chest, or obstructing by tight clothing about the abdomen.

Patients should be removed from close or crowded rooms.

They should be spoken to soothingly.

First-aiders should be careful that, after a temporary recovery, patients do not lapse into unconsciousness again.

The warmth of the body must be maintained; care must be taken that the heart and lungs do not fail.

The patient should therefore be covered with extra clothing,毯子, or blankets, and put to bed in a well-ventilated room as soon as possible.

Warmth (hot-water bottles, brass basin, etc.), should be applied to the feet and the pit of the stomach—their heat should be tested with the bare elbow before they are applied.

If the patient can swallow and there is no fear of spontaneous hemorrhage, hot drinks, such as milk, tea, coffee, with sugar, should be given to the patient to help keep him warm. A teaspoonful of salt-water in half a tumbler of water may be given in cups.

Before drinks are administered the patient's ability to swallow should be tested by administering single teaspoonful of water between the gums and the throat.



Swelling salts may be used. Sprinkling the face with hot and cold water alternately has a stimulating effect.

If limbs are managed it should be warmed.

SHOCK AND BLEEDING . . .

Fainting may, as has been said, be caused by hemorrhage. When this is the case, the fainting may indirectly save the patient's life, for it reduces the heart-beat, and a wound, however severe, will not bleed to any marked extent while heart action is feeble.

This means that on first inspection the first-aiders should make sure, not only that there is no bleeding going on, but that none is likely to start as the patient begins to regain consciousness and the heart strengthens.

The proper course is to examine any wound to see if blood is still flowing from it, if so, arrest the hemorrhage at once. If the blood is not flowing, arrange immediately to stimulate the heart by swelling-salts, warmth to the heart.

If these remedies prove successful, as would be shown by the return of colour to the lips and face, at once prevent further loss of blood from the wound.

FLUSH . . .

The second type of shock patient is the one whose face, instead of being

pale, is flushed or congested. Such faces are not as pretty as the others; they are red, blue, or dusky, and they probably signify something a disease of the brain, compression (injury to the brain), hemorrhage and sunstroke may be causes.

As the patients have too much blood in the head, they are laid down in the reverse position to that described above. Their heads are raised and feet lowered, in order to help the blood drain back from the head. The head is, however, turned to one side as in the original method.

Warmth should be promoted in the lower part of the body by applying hot-water bottles to the abdomen and lower limbs, and as the patient is in a supine position care must be taken before the bottles are applied that they are not hot enough to burn.

Ice or cold water should be applied continuously to the head. Mildly sprinkling the head with cold water acts as a stimulant to the circulation in the head, and does more harm than good.

Complete rest should be afforded. It is recommended that, unless absolutely necessary, the patient should not be removed from where he fell, except in the case of hemorrhage, when the patient should be taken to a cool, shady spot.



SELF HELP IN AIR RAIDS

Risks can be minimized—First aid steps—Helpful hints by one who has practiced them in London—Mental side.

Survive war, explains of 'planes soon, the air raid warden goes out into the night, and the population takes to its refuge rooms and shelters.

That is the tabloid story of the life of London for weeks and months on end. It may not happen here, but we are at war with a war and coming enemy and, rest assured, it can happen here.

After your first two or three raids you will have learnt just as much as we who were in the London blitz have already learned, but where it's a matter of remaining alive it is much better to profit by some other person's

experiences than to learn later by costly experience yourself.

Remember this! The first raid will come as a complete surprise. No matter how carefully you have planned what to do when the sirens go, no matter how well you have schooled the family how to act, what to do, and where to go, the first sound of gunfire and the first sound of falling bombs will be a jolting shock.

We are told, officially, to be prepared always for a raid. Take it for granted that the enemy will try to make his first big attack on us at the moment when we least expect it.

Our way of life enables us to divide our day into three parts—at work or in a building, in the open, at home. Should the raid occur while we are at work or in a building we need only place ourselves in the hands of the building warden and his staff, co-operate in every way and ADOPT THE RIGHT MENTAL ATTITUDE.

Now sit down and calmly picture yourself caught in the open when the sirens sound the alert. Until you have experienced two or three raids, Londoners will tell you to get in the nearest shelter without loss of time but no faster than a brisk walk.

It may happen that before you can reach a shelter the bombs are actually falling in your vicinity. There is generally some warning after the bomb has been released from a 'plane because of the noise it makes coming through the air. At first the sound is rather like a soft or distant bang, but if the bomb is coming in your direction the noise changes to a swishing whistling, and when you hear a sound like that during a raid, it's time to duck.



THE FIRE BOMB

Incendiaries can do great damage—They also can easily be controlled—Stirrup pumps take sting out of terror—How everyone can help defeat enemy plan.

The secondary bomb once struck fear in the hearts of civilians lying in areas subject to enemy attack. Now it is merely part of the general menace created by the Hun and his associates.

More has been heard about the fire bomb, however, than about anything else in A.R.P. Good reason for this is that it is everybody's baby as it (theoretically) falls in everybody's house. It is the one important point that every citizen should be drilled in.

Of exploded, its anatomy is pictorially shown in this diagram. The steel fins (extreme right) guide its fall until the steel nose (extreme left) batters into a target, sets the magnesium thermite (lower combination silver), and starts a 3,000-degree Centigrade fire.

Late models fitted with a T.N.T. charge explode in 30 seconds to two seconds on landing, scatter molten metal fragments for 30 feet radius, cause numerous surrounding fires which, as a rule, should be put out before the bomb, which will burn itself out in a few seconds anyway.

Main point about the secondary is to deal with it as quickly as possible. Get it with the right equipment and it can't do much harm. Now that the stirrup pump is available the incendiary has lost its power to destroy, its potency to give a beacon light to ap-

proaching planes.

Latest instructions are to get the pump in action first to put out the wall fires that the bomb has started. While this is being done the bomb can be allowed to burn itself out, but the more at the end of the night more have some protection, a shield is the form of a table tipped sideways, a desk can do—anything that will protect him from heat and flying molten metal. If the bomb is found early a sand mat can be thrown over it. The bomb will burn the mat away and the sand will effectively cover the bomb, sometimes smothering it, always preventing the range of its flying particles.

There is a simple technique for working the stirrup pump. There should be three operators—one at the business end of the hose, another pumping, and a third carrying water supplies. At a push two will do, one pumping and playing the water, and, until help can be obtained, it can be made a one man job while the water lasts.

The jet is played on the fire, the spray on the bomb. Water has the effect of accelerating the burning of the bomb so that its life is shortened, but there is a danger of the substances in the bomb flying as far as 30 feet if a jet of water is used. In the open a fire hose could be played on the bomb and it could be quickly put out.



High explosives did this and more the warden here increase work.





When you hear a bomb . . . duck! These children have learnt the sound lesson of making the most of available cover in a sudden raid.

When a high explosive bomb bursts there are two effects which cause injury and destruction. You hear of them—blast and splinters. The splinters from demolitive bombs burst upwards and a great degree of protection is obtained by lying on the ground. But recent reports show that the Japs are increasingly using "daisy-cutters," small anti-personnel bombs whose splinters tend to sweep the surface of the ground and can injure you even when you are lying on the surface.

This makes some lateral or side protection necessary when a bomb bursts. So, if possible, crouch down in a trench, if a trench is not near, lie down between two houses or behind a pile of sandbags. Any substantial barricade will offer some lateral protection, but whatever happens, lie down.

AT HOME . . .

The third probable location during a raid is when you are at home. You

should have your shelter prepared or, at any rate, a refuge room; but have you drawn the blackout blinds before going to bed? This should even now be a regular habit right after night.

Now go through all that you have read and carry out your plans in practice. It will assure you to find that the truth that should be at the bedside has been borrowed and left somewhere else. Look at the seed supplies. Are the containers such that any member of the household can carry them? Have you stored food supplies in containers, arranged for drinking water, first aid equipment. Have you a good supply of warm clothing on hand for the family? Sheltering from cold is certainly not conducive to personal morale and a first raid, even in summer time, is conducive to a shivery feeling in some people, especially the youngsters.

These questions should be elementary to most of us. Set that you can give the right answers to all of them.

¶ "I point the path of sacrifice to Australians because the road to victory is paved with sacrifice—That is inescapable. There is no short cut, no easy way out."

—John Curtin



